New Statesman

The Week-end Review

VOL. LV · No. 1424 SATURDAY · 28 JUNE 1958 NINEPENCE

President Sukarno
Asia and the H-Bomb

★

R. H. S. Crossman
De Gaulle and Fascism

★

John Raymond
Sir Winston at Home

Comments on the Week's News .. 822
The Two Voices of Labour 825
De Gaulle Against the Colonels. R. H. S. Crossman 826
London Diary. Critic 827
This England 828
The Sunday Stink. Reginald Reynolds 828
Warning from Asia. President Sukarno 828
Bishops' Jamboree. Anthony Howard 830
G.B.S.'s Barber. Edward Hyams .. 831

ARTS AND ENTERTAINMENT

Viennese Diary. John Berger 832
Noah and Mme Callas Desmond Shawe-Taylor 833
Summer's Full Flood. Tom Driberg .. 834
Bringing 'em Back? William Whitebait 834
Transatlantic Comedies. T. C. Worsley 835

CORRESPONDENCE

Geoffrey Goodman, Malcolm MacEwen, Peter Fryer, Peter Cadogan, Sir Stephen King-Hall, M. J. Heron, Richard Wollheim, Laurence Orbach and John Lesirge, Thomas Anthem, Kenneth R. Matthews, Margaret Cole 835

Books in General:

The Doge of Dover. John Raymond 838
Attic Shepherd. Donald Bottrall .. 839

REVIEWS

The Problem. Norman MacKenzie .. 839
Facts and Flytings. Edwin Muir .. 840
What Went Wrong? Stuart Hampshire 840
James on Paris. J. G. Weightman .. 841
Fitness for What? N. W. Pirie .. 842
The Trouble with English Art. Lawrence Gowing 843
No Frail Flower. Henrietta Lamb .. 843
New Novels. V. S. Naipaul 844
More Equal than Others. Peter Shore 845
Gramophone Records. Peter Heyworth 845
Week-end Competition 846
City Lights. Taurus 847
The Chess Board. Assiac 848
Week-end Crossword. Set-square .. 848

Towards a Second Suez?

By next week, the British and US governments will have completed the largest concentration of military forces which the eastern Mediterranean has seen since Suez. In Cyprus, Britain has 28,930 troops, including four mobile brigades, plus six fighter and bomber wings; off the coast hover one carrier, two cruisers, three destroyer and frigate squadrons and an unknown number of landing-craft. The US Sixth Fleet will soon dispose of a landing force of three marine 'battalions', numbering over 7,000 men, who can be brought into action by helicopter within a 200-mile radius, in addition to the giant Globemasters and the 200 fighters and bombers operating from the fleet's three carriers.

Let us be quite clear about the purpose of this concentration. Lord Home's assurance that the British build-up is exclusively related to the new Cyprus proposals need deceive no one. The 18 battalions which garrisoned Cyprus before the current reinforcements were more than adequate to ensure security in an island with a population of 500,000; and it is difficult to see how large air and naval forces could be employed in dealing with communal riots.

Nor need we take any more seriously the explanation, which the British government has given on a number of occasions, that forces may be required for the protection of British nationals in the Lebanon. It will be remembered that a similar reason was given for the Suez build-up; and that, in the event, no steps whatsoever were taken to protect British residents in Egypt. After a careful investigation, the *Manchester Guardian* correspondent in Beirut has found that no rebel attacks have been made, or are likely, on British and American residents; and since then families have been evacuated from the more insecure areas.

The deduction must be that the Anglo-US concentration is in readiness for a possible military intervention in the Lebanon for political purposes. This, at any rate, is the firm view of the five Suez rebels who have, significantly, chosen this moment to return to the Tory fold. They welcome the Cyprus reinforcements as part of a 'continuing trend of events which goes some way to halt the decline in Britain's prestige, influence and power . . .' President Chamoun takes a similar view: he made it clear earlier this week that, in certain circumstances, he would ask for Allied military intervention, and that he expected his request to be honoured. The US government, for its part, has made no secret of its intentions, and Congress, under the Eisenhower Doctrine, has specifically empowered the Administration to undertake an operation of this sort.

We must thus face the prospect of a second western military invasion of the Middle East; and once again it seems likely to take place in the teeth of UN opposition. Objective observers in Beirut—such as the very able corps of British correspondents—have throughout held the view that the Lebanese crisis is primarily internal and that western intervention, even if well intentioned, would be disastrous. Mr Hammarskjold's conclusions are unlikely to be very different; indeed, he has already stated that 'only the Lebanese can save the Lebanon'. He is well aware that even a limited request for a UN police force would be vetoed by Russia on the Security Council and would stand little chance of securing a two-thirds majority in the Assembly. A stalemate at the UN might provide the Anglo-US government with a pretext for unilateral action; but it would not clothe such an adventure with the least vestige of moral authority, or guarantee it the remotest chance of long-term success.

A second Suez, indeed, risks graver consequences even than the first. This time, America and Russia would not be acting in concert, but in diametrical opposition, and against a sombre background of renewed Cold War tension. As before, Russia might take the opportunity to subdue a recalcitrant satellite—Poland—and even stage a showdown with Yugoslavia. Once again, therefore, the Labour Party has a role of world importance to play. Its action over Suez was decisive in ending the conflict, but it came too late to prevent it. This time there must be no hesitation or delay. Mr Gaitskell seems disposed to accept Lord Home's assurances. He, of all people, should have bitter reason to remember that the road to Suez was paved with ministerial lies.

Comments on the Week's News

The Shadow of Stalin

How far, and how fast, will the Communist bloc return to what the Yugoslavs this week called 'the most negative aspects of Stalin's policy and practice'? The situation already offers several ugly parallels to the worst period of the Cold War – the violent language used both by the Soviet press and by Soviet spokesmen, the 'spontaneous' demonstrations in Moscow, and the withdrawal from the Geneva talks on nuclear tests – the one East-West meeting which might have produced quick results. The change of mood is so marked that it is clear that Moscow has abandoned all desire for a Summit meeting, indeed for anything that may relax tension between East and West. Whatever reasons there may be for this, there is no doubt about its consequences: the international situation is now more dangerous than at any time since the autumn of 1956. The Yugoslavs are now much more anxious than they were when the new polemics began, and in their sharply-worded protest against the travesties of the Nagy trial they made it quite clear that, at best, they expect a long and most difficult war of nerves with Moscow. Their anxiety, of course, is not confined to their own security: they realise how calamitous it would be if throughout eastern Europe there is to be another purge of revisionists and if, in particular, an attempt is made to upset the uneasy balance that the Gomulka regime has established in Poland. Such anxiety is even greater in Warsaw itself – but this has not deterred the Poles from showing their disapproval of the murder of Nagy and Maleter, by public silence and, it is reported, by private circular to members of the party organisation.

Defeat at Little Rock

The decision to suspend integration at Little Rock until 1960 is an important victory for the South. This was the first place in which a federal court order upholding integration was backed by Washington with troops. No matter that President Eisenhower acted hesitantly. The simple fact is that the troops were there to ensure that the mob did not prevent nine Negro children attending a school which they were legally entitled to attend. For that reason Little Rock became a symbol. Now it has become a symbol of a different kind. Though Judge Lemley has said, in justifying his decision to suspend integration until 1960, that he has not surrendered to 'unlawful force or violence', what he calls 'an exercise of discretion and good judgment' is actually an admission that the mob is able to defy the courts and Washington. Local resistance to integration – which includes severe pressure on the Negro community in Little Rock and trouble-making in the school concerned – has created a situation in which the school board claims that both discipline and the educational work of Central High School are imperilled. It is on these grounds that Judge Lemley has capitulated to local pressure. By this act he has made it clear to the whole South that 'adverse local conditions' will be enough to block integration rulings. This is a most serious setback to de-segregation – so serious, indeed, that the Supreme Court is almost bound to hear the appeal which the Negro leaders are making against Judge Lemley's decision. To allow this decision to stand will be, in effect, to abandon the attempt to secure de-segregation through the courts.

Communal Trouble in Ceylon

Ceylon is under virtual military rule after some of the worst communal riots since the slaughter in India ten years ago. As usual in such outbreaks the fomenters are racial and religious fanatics who have found fuel for their torches among excitable, superstitious masses. The question of a reasonable official use of the Tamil language in a country one fifth Tamil-populated is one that could have been settled long ago given a modicum of tolerance and good will. The Prime Minister, Mr Bandaranaike, had negotiated a settlement last year, but it remains unimplemented. Since April, rioting has been widespread in most of the country, with burning, murder and atrocities by members of both races. Probably well over 100,000 people, mostly Tamils, have been made refugees. The Tamils (who are Hindus) seem to have been the greater sufferers – at the hands of Buddhist-instigated Singhalese gangs inflamed by both racial hatred and economic envy. The Prime Minister, having come to power on a Singhalese nationalist platform, has obviously found it hard to stand up to pressure from the racialist elements in the Buddhist priesthood. He has just struck at the Tamils by placing about 50 of their leaders in detention whilst arresting only a few Singhalese extremists. It looks as if the real ruler of Ceylon at the moment may be the Governor-General, Sir Oliver Goonetilleke, who has now rightly pledged the government to stick by its policy of linguistic tolerance.

The Nation's Drug Bill

The interim report of the Hinchcliffe Committee on the Cost of Prescribing confirms the belief that the Ministry of Health has little effective control over this section of the country's health expenditure. Unfortunately it does not face the full implications of its own findings, but skirts around the problem, giving minor answers to major questions. While acquitting doctors of irresponsibility, it finds that many of them tend to prescribe a well-advertised proprietary brand because they have no time to consult their lists for a cheaper standard preparation; but the committee does not go on to face the conclusion that there is therefore something badly wrong with the organisation of general practice. It finds that high-pressure advertising, widespread confusion about trade names and ignorance of the cost of proprietary medicines are important causes of extravagance and suggests piecemeal methods to obtain improvements; but it sees nothing wrong with a system which compels the public to finance the costly promotional methods of proprietary selling and leaves research into new remedies almost entirely to the pharmaceutical industry. In fact, the issues are still being evaded, as they were by the Guillebaud Committee and have been by successive ministers throughout the ten years of the National Health Service.

NEXT WEEK

Profile of Jayaprakash Narayan

with drawing by VICKY

The 1931 Crisis

by R. H. S. CROSSMAN

The Busmen Return

Mr Cousins regards the settlement of the bus strike as a 'satisfactory conclusion': Sir John Elliot says that it 'ended honourably', without 'surrender by either side'. The verdict of Mr Cousins is the more accurate of the two. The men went back only after they had gained the essential point at issue. London Transport had refused to make any offer to the maintenance men and the country crews, and it had insisted throughout that an arbitration award could not be varied. Now at last a reasonable offer has been made. The maintenance staffs and the country crews are to get an increase from 2 July. Two factors seem to have induced Sir John Elliot to give way. The first is the plain determination of the men to hold out. Until the rank-and-file vote was taken, and led to the surprise decision to stay on strike, Sir John seems to have assumed that Mr Cousins was bluffing when he insisted that the men would not go back until London Transport abandoned its attempt to exclude some of them from a justified wage increase. After the vote, the choice was between a settlement and a long-drawn-out struggle between the men and London Transport. The second is the government's decision that the economy can now be given some leeway. The point of excluding the country crews from the wage award was to limit or prevent any concession on other wage claims, and especially on the provincial busmen's claim. Now, it seems, the provincial men are to get something after all – for which they may well thank the resistance put up in the London garages – and other unions, such as the railwaymen and the electricians, have already broken through the wage-line. Once this happened, the case for holding the line in London collapsed.

Jagan's Visit

Dr Cheddi Jagan's succinct comment at the airport this week on Britain and her colonies: 'You cannot have a well-fed mother and starving children' is unanswerable. British Guiana is a classic example of the modern undeveloped territory. Its population of half a million is growing rapidly as a result of successful medical intervention against tropical diseases, yet only one third of the country has even been explored; and, although it is known to contain a number of valuable products – of which bauxite, manganese and timber are already being exploited – an immense capital expenditure is needed to open the country to development. As a result, about 20 per cent. of the working population is now unemployed, this figure is rising, and many of the employed persons are living in squalor along the narrow, swampy coastal belt. A new development plan was started in 1955 at an estimated annual expenditure of £20 million. Yet, because of the appalling social conditions, much of this capital initially had to be spent in the sort of social amelioration which brings no material return. Thus the plan is already handicapped by its recurrent charges, without having produced any substantial income to offset them. Dr Jagan is now asking that the annual expenditure be doubled and facilities granted to raise the money in this country. He will be very lucky if he succeeds in getting anywhere near this figure. At the same time, without the development of British Guiana and its adherence to the new West Indian Federation, there can be little hope for substantial economic development – and that is the key to stability – in any part of the British Caribbean.

News from Our Own Correspondents

Lisbon

After the Election

A Correspondent writes: The story of General Delgado's gallant bid to defeat Salazar's candidate in the Portuguese presidential election is by no means over. The success of the General's campaign gave the regime its biggest shock in the whole 30 years of its existence. When the General arrived in Oporto, a crowd estimated at 200,000 turned out to welcome him at the station (the photograph we reproduce below shows a section of the crowd), and this despite a deliberately false statement, broadcast by the government radio earlier in the day, that the General had already arrived. Hence, when his campaign switched to Lisbon, Salazar was forced to change his tactics, place agent-provocateurs in the crowds, and thus provide himself with an excuse for the intervention of troops and tanks.

At the beginning of the campaign, the opposition had demanded certain minimum guarantees as to the voting procedure on election day (8 June); one of these—the presence of independent observers during the counting of the votes—was accepted by the regime, but revoked on the morning of the election. The observers presented themselves at the polls but were refused admittance. The regime, indeed, has been forced to abandon any pretence that the election was conducted on democratic lines. Opposition election pamphlets and leaflets were seized throughout the country, their meetings broken up, and the most rigorous political censorship applied in the press. On 9 June—presumably before returns from the country districts were available—the regime announced that its candidate, Admiral Thomas, had been elected 'by a large percentage', but it still has not published any figures, and it now seems unlikely that detailed returns, which could in some cases be checked from independent sources, will ever be published. The collapse of Salazar's democratic facade is now complete and there are rumours in Lisbon that Admiral Thomas, in view of the manner in which the election was conducted, will refuse to take over from the outgoing president, General Lopez, in August.

Nor is this all: the democratic ferment aroused by Delgado's campaign continues. Despite a complete censorship, it is known that large-scale strikes have taken place in Barreiros, the industrial centre on the south bank of the Tagus run by the CUF monopoly, in the sardine canneries at Matozinhos, near Oporto, at an electrical factory in Oporto itself and at three other factories in the North. Last week the government took emergency military measures to break up the strikers' demonstrations, and there have been widespread clashes between strikers and police. In the Alemtejo district, police fired on peasant hunger-strikers, killing one and injuring two. As usual after Portuguese elections, a systematic persecution of opposition militants has begun, but this time it has been conducted with unprecedented speed and ferocity, no doubt prompted by Salazar's fear that the Army is no longer reliable. Delgado himself was dismissed from his post as Director of Civil Aviation the day after the election. The following are known to have been arrested: Professor Viera de Almeida, chairman of the Lisbon election committee, and his two sons; Dr Ruela, Carlos Cal Brandão (who earlier spent 17 years in Salazar's concentration camp in Timor), Vitor Sa, Lino Lima, Antonio d'Oliveira Braga, Armando Bacelar, Guilhermo Branco, Antonio Macedo, Artur Andrade, Lieutenant Castro, Antonio Oliviera and Dr Cilas. Various election committees, including those at Braga and Guimarães, have been arrested in their entirety; so has the Chaves committee, with the exception of two members, one of them a priest. Many more people, whose identity is unknown, have been arrested. Many others are in hiding: their names are known, but cannot, of course, be divulged. So far the regime has not dared to seize Delgado himself: such an act might well be the signal for a general uprising.

THE FIRST PHOTOGRAPH TO BE PUBLISHED OF THE IMMENSE CROWD WHICH GREETED GENERAL DELGADO IN OPORTO

Johannesburg

Two Faces on the Protectorates?

A Correspondent in Johannesburg writes: The hints at greater self-government made during his recent tour of the protectorates of Bechuanaland, Swaziland and Basutoland by Mr C. J. M. Alport MP, Under Secretary of State at the Commonwealth Relations Office, have, when viewed against recent actions of his office, raised once again the suspicion that Britain is playing a two-faced game with its African wards in the protectorates.

It is, for instance, not widely known outside Bechuanaland and Basutoland that direct South African pressure has led to a restriction of entry and residence in these territories, even for returning natives. Strict border control checks, hitherto unknown, have been instituted since the Union government complained that enforcement of its laws was weakened by the ease with which Africans could escape its jurisdiction by slipping into the protectorates. An Entry and Residence Proclamation recently issued by the High Commissioner of Basutoland, despite the objections of the Basutoland National Council, provides that any person deemed to be undesirable as a result of communications received from any other government *must* be declared a prohibited immigrant. This measure is clearly meant to prevent a recurrence of the crisis which loomed over a year ago when the High Commissioner indicated that he would not feel able to extradite two Basutoland residents wanted by the Union government in its treason trial swoops. The clear effect of the new regulations, which were the price demanded by the Union government for not pressing its demands in these two cases, is to deny refuge in their homelands to British-protected Africans who have incurred Dr Verwoerd's displeasure – an extremely easy thing to do.

It remains to be seen whether the protectorates will in future apply this ban also to refugees *en masse*, for here their record has so far been good. Bechuanaland has in recent months received some 300 Bafurutse men, women and children fleeing from their homes in the Union's Zeerust area, just across the border, where Dr Verwoerd has used police terror, the withdrawal of social services and the equivalent of martial law to break their tribe's resistance to the carrying of passes by its women. The resultant civil war between a few pro-government headmen, backed by the might of the South African state, and the mass of the tribe, has become so one-sided that many have fled across the undemarcated border to their cousins in Bechuanaland.

This must stand to the credit of the High Commissioners, but it has been offset by their allowing Dr Verwoerd to flaunt their approval of his depriving tens of thousands of protectorate Africans of work and of splitting up their families. Breaking a clear parliamentary undertaking given only a year previously, Dr Verwoerd has decreed that since 6 May this year Protectorate Africans already employed in, or seeking work in, the Union's urban areas would require entry and

work permits. This decree hits at the very many who, driven by the poverty of their underdeveloped homelands, come to seek work in the Union, putting up in exchange with its restrictions. An estimated 40,000 men, women and children from Bechuanaland alone are in the Union like this, with 35,000 from Swaziland and 20,000 from Basutoland. When Verwoerd pushed the relevant legislation through the Union parliament last June, he linked two separate clauses: one which gave him the power to deport individual trouble makers and gangsters; and another which gave him the blanket powers which have now been brought into force. Verwoerd claimed – and it is on record in Hansard – that the High Commission authorities had agreed to both measures, but the record shows that they were consulted only about the 'individual' clause. Despite this, they have never seen fit to contradict Verwoerd's assertions.

Barcelona

The Court-Martial

A Special Correspondent writes: Last Thursday, 19 June, eight women and 39 men were tried by court-martial in Barcelona. They were arrested 18 months ago, only a few hours before the large-scale boycott of the Barcelona public transport system, but the prosecution made no effort at the trial to establish a connection between the accused and the boycott. They were charged with trying to reorganise the United Socialist Party of Catalonia – a charge rebutted by the leader of the group, Emiliano Fabregas, who said that it was not necessary to reorganise the party, as it had been reorganised a long time ago. He had simply crossed in from France to give it additional help.

The trial was held under the law of March, 1943, which created a Special Tribunal for the Repression of Freemasonry and Communism. This law authorises secret courts-martial which can hand down the death penalty for printing or circulating illegal newspapers, propagating tendentious or false information, or endeavouring to form clandestine groups. Yet last week's trial did not go to these lengths. On the contrary, it was held in public, foreign observers were present, and the sentences were relatively mild.

There are two reasons for this comparative moderation. The first was the presence of foreign observers. The second reason was fear. Everyone in Spain who is associated with the Franco regime is now trying to guess the direction of the wind and to trim sail accordingly. It is possible that, within a few months, Franco will have gone and his place will have been taken by some kind of constitutional monarchy which might allow some political parties to reappear. Or Franco's exit might be more dramatic, and his departure might be followed by reprisals against those who served him too faithfully. It is the latter prospect that is making Spanish officialdom hedge its bets, just as it did on the eve of the allied victory in 1945 when the gaolers issued extra food and asked the prisoners to remember this generosity.

The Barcelona trial gave the police and judiciary an opportunity to display their present moderation. The prosecution asked for a 20-year sentence on Fabregas: he got seven years. His second-in-command got four years, eight others were awarded sentences ranging down from two years to six months. The rest were acquitted. There was, however, a sinister aspect of the trial: Fabregas and his companions have been in prison since January, 1957, and for the first weeks after their arrest in the hands of the political police. True to the spirit of the age, the police tortured them, and the prisoners still carry the scars of their ill-treatment.

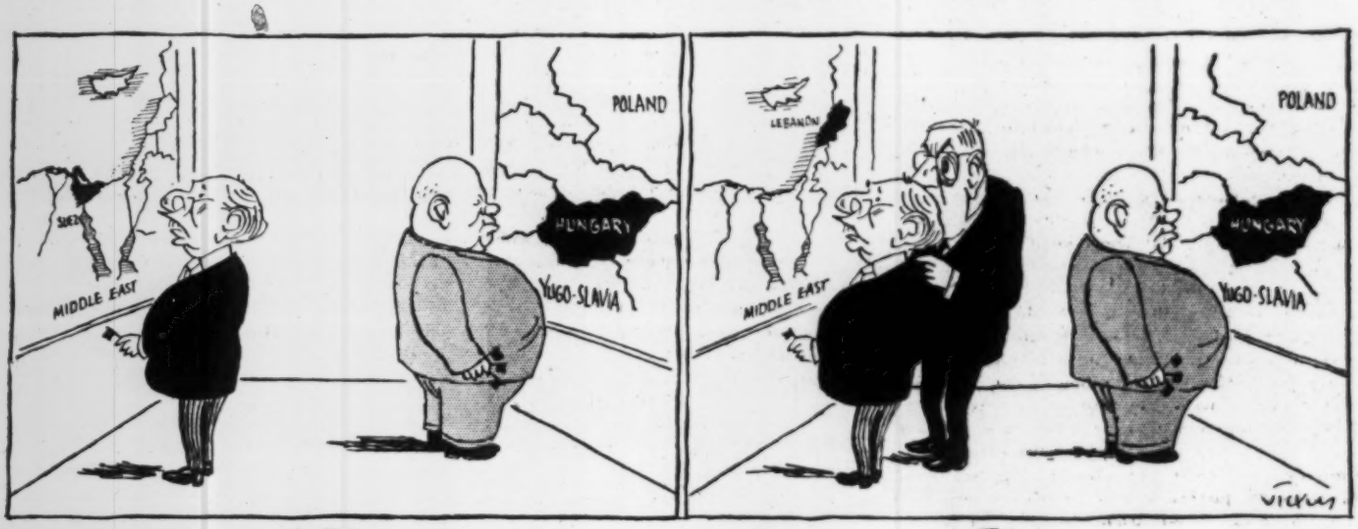
Rangoon

Strange Things in Burma

A Special Correspondent writes from Rangoon: As late as February this year, the Anti-Fascist People's Freedom League was meeting at its third national congress and pledging everlasting unity and service to the country. U Nu, president of the League, in his farewell address on the last day praised his three deputies, Ba Swe, Kyaw Nyein, and Thakin Tin, and likened them to the legendary heroes of Burmese history, each worth an army of troops. But in April U Nu announced that the AFPFL was no longer one, that he himself had decided to side with Thakin Tin. The two other heroes, Ba Swe and Kyaw Nyein, thus rejected, gathered their followers and vowed that even if U Nu tried to wreck the League, they would continue it: let U Nu and his friends leave if they wished to. At the start it looked as if U Nu would do just that, on the theory that he was the League, and without him nothing was left. However, on calmer considerations, he and his colleagues decided that the AFPFL name was still worth some votes at elections, and it would be folly to give it away just like that. The result was each faction decided *it* was the AFPFL and the other the traitor. For proper identification Nu and Tin, popularly called 'Nu-Tin', called their AFPFL the 'clean', while the 'Swe-Nyein' group called theirs the 'eternal'.

Now strange things began to happen. First U Nu, with his famed generosity, offered to keep his rivals in his Cabinet until the Chamber of Deputies could meet and decide which faction should form the government. Thus for 40 days till 4 June, there was the strange spectacle of a nearly equally divided Cabinet, each half of which was actively and openly working for the downfall of the other. The no-confidence motion was debated on 9 June, and lost by a narrow margin of eight votes. U Nu was kept in power by 50 AFPFL members, 45 Communist National Front members (who used to be the small and solitary opposition before), a bloc of six Arakanese members (of whom three became ministers, two parliamentary secretaries), and an oddment of minority votes. Swe-Nyein won a solid 100 AFPFL votes, and 19 other minority votes. The strange result is that the AFPFL government is finely balanced on a thin edge with a massive AFPFL opposition. Only the Communist insurgents stand to gain from this confusion. Thakin Than Tun, the rebel leader, had already sent an emissary to the government to fix a surrender date and terms when the split deepened and broadened. Now he has decided to wait and watch, and has put in impossible demands for parleys, and the legalisation of his guerrillas as regular government troops. As general elections seem to be imminent, it looks as if Than Tun would rather work for an increase of National Front members in parliament and keep on, from the jungle, pressing his hard bargains.

In the no-confidence debate, Kyaw Nyein called the new Nu government the 'rickshaw-puller's government' because it must instantly obey the directions of the National Front passengers to turn left, or turn right. Indeed the new government is harassed by its own weakness and the hardness of the pressures and the demands made on it. On the other hand, U Nu has retorted that he is a firm man and, having never yielded even to U Kyaw Nyein in the past, would in future yield to no one. Time alone will tell.



Westminster

Unfair to MPs

Mr Arthur Lewis, the Labour member for West Ham North, bulks large in the life of the House of Commons. When he bangs into something which he considers unfair he reaches automatically for his bludgeon – 'Say, chum, tell me what *is* a rapier?' – and, regardless of taunt, insult or banter, he bashes at any head he can see. He has much in common with Lord Hailsham, and in recent weeks the pair have been operating in similar territory, Hailsham complaining that Mr Sidney Bernstein is unfair to Tory MPs and Lewis complaining that everybody connected with either radio or TV is unfair to MPs of both parties.

Lewis's complaint is not new. MPs who have never been asked to do the *Week in Westminster* on the wireless, when others have already done it two or three times, suggest reasonably enough that they might at least be given a trial. How can anyone tell whether MPs are good or bad broadcasters, on sound or TV for that matter, until they have been tried? Is it not a fact that once a producer has lighted on a competent performer, he is too lazy and too cautious to risk further experiment, and so is content to hand out the kudos and the gravy to a lucky and privileged few? Such comments are understandable and, maybe, justified. Unfortunately they are sometimes a cloak for another feeling, equally understandable but quite unjustifiable – jealousy. Nothing maddens MPs more than to see a colleague prancing along some avenue of publicity which is barred to them; and there are some who, rather than let the Boothbys, the McAddens, the Mayhews and the Wedgwood Benns go on winning fame and influence, if not exactly fortune, would ban all MPs from the air – unless, of course, they can manage to edge their way on to it themselves.

On the face of it, this does not seem to matter much. One gets petty jealousy wherever men, or women, are gathered together. But in fact it matters a great deal. No one, of course, is going to admit that he is criticising the BBC or commercial TV solely because neither has asked him to perform. Yet I suspect – whether conscious or not – that this can be a motive behind criticism and that it may have inspired some of those who, through Hailsham, have launched their attack on Granada. Of course, all broadcasting bodies must accept criticism but it is as well that there should be no ulterior motive in the attack or, for that matter, in the defence – and I have noticed a tendency among the lucky few who are broadcasting stars to gang up in defence of their perks, regardless of the merit of any particular issue. Even more important, however, are the reactions which such behaviour has both in the party machines and in the broadcasting bodies.

Generally speaking, those who control party machines would like to control all political broadcasting or at any rate the selection of political broadcasters. The Conservative Central Office is said to have a list of approved MP broadcasters and becomes rather tetchy when someone like Lord Hinchingbrooke, who cannot be relied on to bash out the party line, is selected for a programme. Similarly, some leaders of the Labour Party, during the Bevanite row, became increasingly exasperated at the appearance on their screens of Mr Michael Foot: it was even suggested that another Bevanite MP, who confined his broadcasting activities to sports quizzes, should be barred even from them unless he was balanced by a rota of five orthodox Labour MPs. Given such an attitude, conscious or subconscious, it would not be surprising if the blue and red mandarins who now share Smith Square should use the criticisms of Arthur Lewis or the rumblings from the Conservative backbenches as an occasion for some judicious blackmail on the broadcasting companies – 'Yes, old boy, I know that most of this is tosh but our people are pretty restive and I do think you might play down that fellow Boothby/Foot a bit. Why don't you try old so-and-so, old boy?'

The BBC reaction to this sort of pressure is immediate and obvious. It quivers like a jelly. In its political discussions it severely rations the off-beat MPs and fills the gap with a series of competent worthies. It goes further. Has Sir Richard Acland given a talk on rhododendrons? Then we must have two Tories talking about daffodils and one orthodox Labour man talking about nasturtiums. This produces purring noises in Smith Square. But it also produces the sound of sets being switched off in millions of homes. When commercial television arrived, even those who had been most hostile to it admitted that some of the programme companies, and especially Granada, had put new life into political discussion on the air. Instead of stuffy set pieces round the tea table or ingratiatingly sycophantic interviews, viewers got controversy in which no punches were pulled and even saw legislators, unprotected by anything except their own knowledge and wits, battling with the uninhibited men and women they represented or with interviewers who refused to be glanced off by polite evasions. But can this new-found freedom survive if the political parties begin to turn on the heat? Will not even the commercial companies, fearful for their franchise, begin to think that a little BBC discretion will perhaps pay better than valour? And then, instead of the considerable freedom of controversy which had begun to exist on the air, shall we not get two cosy cushions of the Establishment instead of one? It is a frightening thought and one which should induce MPs to ensure that, when they criticise, their criticisms are honestly based.

J. P. W. Mallalieu

The Two Voices of Labour

It is no surprise if the Labour Party finds itself in two minds about Cyprus. On the one hand it hears the voice of challenge and principle. From another quarter, with the approach of executive responsibility and the likelihood that a Labour Colonial Secretary will have to clear up the mess left by the present incumbent, the political breeze carries the voice of caution.

No government ever had less cause to demand opposition good will in smoothing the path of a disagreeable policy than has the present government on Cyprus. Today's problem, with its frightening complications, has been created by three deliberate acts of policy. First, it was a Tory Colonial Secretary who enunciated the utterly anachronistic proposition that, because of Britain's supposed strategic needs, self-determination for Cypriots was ruled out for ever. This intolerable doctrine (which, as the Suez adventure in November 1956 subsequently proved, bore no relation to strategic reality) was no more than a crude attempt to buy off the right wing of the Tory party after Sir Winston Churchill's unpopular decision in 1954 to evacuate the Canal Zone. Secondly, it was a calculated act of policy – still in an effort to placate the backwoodsmen – to set up Sir John Harding as Governor with instructions to shoot his way to a settlement. Thirdly, Mr Lennox-Boyd, apparently by a desperate aberration of speech, appeared to give government endorsement to the totally unreal notion of partition, which had never been taken seriously even by the Turks until the Colonial Secretary blurted it out under the pressure of parliamentary debate. Now, after seven years of Tory government, the Cyprus problem, which was the normal colonial obstacle race of gradual progress to independence, has become a nightmare in which Briton, Greek and Turk all stand in arms one against the other, and in which Britain no longer has the authority to win peaceful acceptance of a just solution. The final irony is that approval of the new government plan has led the five 'independent' Conservative MPs – the Suez extremists – to apply this week for formal readmission to their party.

In these circumstances, and facing the prospect that the present government may shortly be swept from office, it is not unreasonable that the Labour leadership should be restrained in its comment. Still less so, since there is nothing that would help Mr Macmillan's political fortunes more than to be able to accuse Mr Gaitskell and his colleagues of inciting the Cypriots to violence and so occasioning the British casualties that are all too likely to ensue in the next few months.

Nevertheless, Cyprus is a situation where expediency is not enough. Important political principle is involved. Hitherto the Labour Party has based its attitude to Cyprus on the general principle that self-government and eventual self-determination is the inherent right of all colonial peoples. This is why the famous promise of 'self-determination within the life-time of the next Labour government' was given by the National Executive at last year's Brighton conference. To affirm the right of self-determination is not just to roll the Greek log in Cyprus: it is to affirm the basic principle on which the whole of Labour's colonial policy is based. To deny it, whatever special difficulties make it dangerous or impracticable in the immediate future, is to create a precedent which Tory governments and white settlers would be glad to exploit elsewhere.

It need not, of course, be argued that the right to eventual self-determination, any more than any other general political principle, needs to be implemented all at once. Indeed, the majority of the people of Cyprus, speaking through Archbishop Makarios their spokesman, no longer insist on a date for self-determination. But the government plan does not acknowledge the principle, and its detailed provisions go a long way to deny it. By persistently overstating the Turkish danger, officialdom has now made it a grim reality. Most of the Turkish clamour for partition – and all the Turkish violence – is crudely dictated by the political tactics of the government in Ankara and bears no relation to the long-term well-being of Turkish Cypriots. But one result of the Turkish campaign, and of the use which the British government has chosen to make of it, has been that much genuine fear and suspicion against the Greek population has been aroused in the Turkish villages of Cyprus. To seek by every reasonable means to allay the suspicion is a legitimate, indeed necessary, objective of policy. Some sort of communal local government, therefore, enabling the Turkish community to legis-

late for the local needs of the Turkish villages and the Greeks for the Greek villages, is not of itself bad. The question that must be asked is whether the government is seeking to introduce this system as a stage in the progress to self-determination or whether the effect of its proposals is not rather to manœuvre Cyprus nearer to the chaos of partition.

In the event, a simple test of government intentions can be applied. If self-determination for a colonial people is accepted as the basic, even if long range, objective of government policy, then the main purpose of the present interim period must surely be to persuade the Turkish minority that their peaceful future depends on re-establishing good relations with the Greek majority, and to persuade the Greeks to realise that Turkish rights and feelings must be safeguarded and respected. In short, a Cypriot society must once more be constructed from the Greek and Turkish communities. And if the government recognises this need, it surely follows that, in addition to the two communal assemblies dealing with purely communal needs, there should be a genuine House of Representatives, with the participation of both Greek and Turkish Cypriots, which would discuss national issues and be responsible for national decisions. The picture so far presented of the Governor's Council, with representatives of the Greek and Turkish governments sitting in at its deliberations, and the Turkish minority always in effect being able to veto decisions by an appeal to the Governor, does not look likely to be anything of the kind. Yet, without this drawing together of the communities into a body to which the Governor's Council can progressively be made answerable, the maintenance of British rule and British military bases is a denial of self-determination, even of effective self-government; while the creation of the communal assemblies is simply a step towards partition.

There are two practical reasons why the Labour Party cannot afford to give any sort of endorsement to such a plan, however expedient acquiescence may seem in the short view. First, because the whole concept of a Socialist policy towards the colonies collapses the moment the right of self-determination is denied. Secondly, because Labour itself will have in due course to find a solution to the Cyprus problem; and there is no solution except bloodshed without the gradual re-integration of the two communities and eventual self-determination. Every month that the course of events in Cyprus is dictated by outside blackmail, whether it comes from Ankara or Athens, the problems become more difficult of solution. By the time a Labour government takes over, they may well be desperate. But Labour has at the moment two great assets: the confidence of the Greek Cypriot community – that is of the overwhelming majority of Cypriots – and the fact that its attitude hitherto has been based on political principles which meet with the approval of most of the rest of the world.

Mr Gaitskell and Mr Bevan dare not throw those assets away in an effort to win Mr Macmillan's good will or in response to the persuasive special pleading of Sir Hugh Foot; that would be to inherit a legacy beside which Ernest Bevin's debacle in Palestine might seem a trifle.

De Gaulle Against the Colonels

THE death of the Fourth Republic – as I could observe for myself – was watched with almost total indifference by the French people. They were ready neither to support the Army rebels nor to defend democracy, and they acquiesced readily enough in de Gaulle's assumption of power. But this kind of personal rule cannot last for long, and the question now is whether it will result in Fascism or in a new and more workable republicanism.

Ten days ago I discussed this at length with Jules Moch and Pierre Mendès-France, two of the very few politicians whose reputations did not founder along with the Fourth Republic. Each talked to me at length and with complete frankness about the reasons which prompted his vote on de Gaulle's investiture. Since both were previous colleagues of the General and know him intimately, it was interesting to learn why Moch voted 'Yes' and Mendès-France 'No'. Although much of what they said must remain for the present off the record, I am permitted to summarise my impression of these two conversations.

Moch is uncomfortably aware that his decision to vote 'Yes' seems at variance with his opposition to Guy Mollet on German rearmament and the earlier phases of the Algerian crisis. It was his experiences during his strange fortnight at the Ministry of the Interior, he told me, which made him vote with Mollet on this occasion. On the evening of 15 May he had just arrived at Nancy to give a series of lectures when he was recalled to Paris and urged by Mollet to accept the Ministry of the Interior. On his arrival at his Ministry next morning, he was courteously informed that the army would not take any action against the rebels in Algeria. He also learnt that about half the police, including most of those in Paris, were equally mutinous.

His next task was to discover what the organised workers would do in defence of the Republic. He found both the Communist and non-Communist unions unaware of, or unwilling to face, the gravity of the situation. Although the members of the CGT still accept Communist leadership on industrial matters, they were obviously not prepared to oppose de Gaulle by a general strike. So when the Communist leaders gave the order on 27 May, a few individual transport workers stayed away, but transport nowhere stopped. The Renault Works provided the most dramatic example of this bankruptcy of Communist leadership. Of its 23,000 workers, 15,000 vote for the Communists. Yet only 800 struck.

'But do you think the Communist leaders really wanted a general strike?' I asked. Moch replied that he fully shared my doubts on this matter. 'Some of my information at the Ministry,' he said, 'strongly suggested that, when the Communists gave the order, they let it be understood that they did not really want it carried out.' This reluctance to oppose de Gaulle may be due to the Kremlin's conspicuous failure to attack him. But anyway the Communists must have known that the vast mass of the CGT members were just not prepared to defend the Fourth Republic against de Gaulle. The non-Communist trade unionists were in no better shape. True, they were prepared to demonstrate, under the protection of the police and in lovely weather, on Wednesday, 28 May. But if there had been any risk involved, very few would have turned out.

Although Moch is sure that military and police power was not available to suppress the Algiers revolt, he believes that a firm decision to move a thousand armed policemen from Marseilles to Bastia could have restored the situation in Corsica. Indeed, I gather that he himself began to take action as Minister of the Interior but that Cabinet intrigue caused his orders to be countermanded.

This collapse of central authority is the main reason why Moch could not oppose the investiture. But what made him vote for it and feel a certain positive confidence in de Gaulle was the General's remarkable reaction to the parachutists' plot of 27 May. Here is the strange story. On the previous day, Mollet and Moch had both insisted that they could not begin discussions with de Gaulle until he proved his loyalty to republican institutions by publicly disavowing the Corsican revolt. For two hours that night Pflimlin, alone with the General, tried to make him see sense – but with no success. Nothing was agreed, least of all that de Gaulle should take over. Yet next day (about lunch-time on 27 May), de Gaulle telephoned a communiqué to the press that he was beginning to assume the powers of government.

Moch is convinced that he knows why this communiqué was issued. When he arrived at the Ministry that morning, he himself found a secret intelligence report on his table, which gave precise details of the Fascist coup d'etat and the parachutist invasion due to start that very night. This intelligence report was received at the same time by de Gaulle, at his home in the country The General therefore learnt for the first time on the morning of the 27 May what the young colonels were up to, and within a couple of hours he issued this communiqué in order to stop certain civil war. It was the fact that de Gaulle had not known of the colonels' plot before and that, as soon as he learnt of it, he acted against it, which finally clinched Moch's vote for the investiture. Of course, the General may surrender to the Fascists or, like General Neguib, he may be removed. But he is not himself a Fascist, and in Moch's view he is at the moment the only obstacle in the way of Fascism.

I found Mendès-France's attitude much more pessimistic. He obviously feels that, if his successors in the premiership had shown some of the courage and initiative he himself displayed, the Fourth Republic could have survived. It is not the constitution, in his view, which has failed, but the politicians; and their crime is not merely the cowardice they displayed during these recent weeks but their lying and evasion for years on end. Mendès-France still feels a strong sense of personal loyalty to de Gaulle, under whom he served during the war, and he does not doubt for a moment the General's sincerity and good faith. But, however sincerely the General tries to preserve republican institutions, Mendès-France does not see much chance of his controlling the young colonels, whose revolt brought him to power. Convinced that a Popular Front is quite impossible and aware of the vacuum of power at the centre, he feels that France may well be in for a prolonged period of Fascism and that, as a result of the semi-legal transition provided by de Gaulle's assumption of personal power, this Fascist regime may well last longer than it otherwise would have.

Where Moch and Mendès-France differ, therefore, is in their estimate of the comparative strength of de Gaulle on the one side and the Fascist colonels on the other. Mendès-France seems tempted (partly, perhaps, by a deep inner sense of personal frustration) to regard Fascism as the almost inevitable end of the process which began with de Gaulle's investiture. He agrees with Moch that at present there is no strong Fascist movement in France itself, as distinct from Algeria. But he believes that Fascist organisation is the only real political activity now

going on, and that this activity will greatly increase between now and the referendum next October. It is obviously vital that all available Republican forces should reorganise and unite over the summer in order to avoid this Fascist threat, but I got the strong impression that Mendès-France was not very hopeful of success. Temperamentally, Jules Moch is incapable of displaying such detached pessimism, but I doubt if he pins much faith in the formation of a non-Communist bloc in defence of the Republic before the October referendum. The truth – as both men agree – is that the Fourth Republic suddenly caved in, like a rotten roof beam which suddenly collapses in powder, leaving the roof itself intact but with nothing to support it. De Gaulle has been called in to sustain it on the shoulders of his immense personal prestige; and the future of French democracy now depends almost entirely on the physical and moral strength of this elderly soldier, who has little respect for and no knowledge of democratic institutions. De Gaulle may well succeed in re-establishing by stages authority over the army; and, when he has done so, he is fully capable of imposing quite a sane solution of the Algerian problem and gaoling the young colonels if they object. What is much more difficult to believe is that he will have the patience to work out the kind of constitution which either Moch or Mendès-France could conscientiously vote for. Yet whatever constitution he puts forward is likely to receive overwhelming approval at the referendum. The end result, therefore, of the process begun last month may well be that the General saves his country from a Fascist revolution, only to subject her to a regime which combines the paternalism of Marshal Pètain with a Bonapartist love of French glory.

R. H. S. CROSSMAN

London Diary

THE best historical parallel for the murder of Nagy is the case of John Huss, who was enticed to the Council of Constance by the imperial safe-conduct, and then burnt. Was the Church in the fourteenth century more or less barbarous than the Kremlin in the twentieth? You have your choice. Nagy was hanged after a secret trial. Huss was burnt after a public trial, constantly interrupted by fanatics who did not want to hear a heretic's defence. They both died for heresies which frightened established authority. In modern Bohemia Huss has always been the most honoured name. As the great Protestant martyr of his time he is now extolled by the Communists, who show you with pride the reconstructed chapel in which he preached. In a few hundred years' time I suppose people will be paying to visit the Yugoslav Embassy where Nagy took refuge and from which he was lured to his death.

* * *

A Paris friend describes Malraux's first press conference as Minister of Information as 'terrifying'. Here, he says, was the one member of the de Gaulle government in whom French left-wing intellectuals placed any sort of confidence. Yet he proceeded to mouth the same vague, romantic phrases – 'the French renaissance', 'France's new mission in the world', etc. – which have throughout been used to cloak a crooked right-wing military coup, with strong racist and Fascist overtones. Frenchmen, he said, must once more lead world civilisation as they did during the Crusades. An unfortunate but curiously apt comparison. The ruthless feudal knights who invaded the Levant during the 11th and 12th centuries behaved in a very similar manner to the *colons* of North Africa – even to manufacturing pro-French Moslem public opinion. In his party days in the Thirties, the author of *La Condition Humaine* would not have made this kind of gaffe. But it is long since he has written anything first rate, and since the war has been employed editing glossy picture-books on art for a French publisher. Nor should too much hope be placed in his proposal for François Mauriac, Camus and Martin du Gard to investigate allegations of torture in Algeria. What is required – and what has been required all along – is firm administrative action to punish the offending army officers. Their names are well known and there is ample evidence against them to sustain court martial charges.

* * *

The enterprising young people who run *Universities and Left Review* are full of new ideas. They will soon be opening their coffee-bar in Soho, they are taking the Royal Court for a special performance of a new play – with a discussion afterwards, led by the author and some theatre critics – and they are now organising a most interesting school for a week from 12 September. This school is specially for the under-30s, and it is a joint venture with the National Association of Labour Students, the *New Reasoner* and several other left-wing groups. The speakers already arranged include Dick Crossman, Richard Hoggart, Isaac Deutscher, Chris Logue, Peter Shore, Doris Lessing and Norman MacKenzie. Full details can be obtained by writing to 'Autumn School', 7 Carlisle Street, W1.

* * *

I am glad to see that eminent legal men are now getting together in an attempt to get something done about the monstrously illiberal law of contempt of court. The only offence for which you can receive a long – indeed an indefinite – sentence without a right of appeal. This journal has been attacking this anomaly for years, and has often gone further than most lawyers would consider 'safe', both in its references to cases technically *sub judice* in the Courts and in its criticisms of the Judges. But I won't deny that there is a rather too bracing atmosphere of uncertainty about all this, as the law stands. What a timid lot we have all become in recent years! Look at the rumpus in all the 'top' newspapers about judicial decisions in the nineteenth century – about Darling's appointment to the Queen's Bench in 1897, and the public comments about the Tichborne and Wilde cases. Look at the vitriolic letters in *The Times* about the Judge's conduct in the Pemberton Billing 'Black Book' case in 1917. Admittedly the *Daily Mirror* asked for trouble over the Haigh murder case, but the three months' prison sentence on its editor, Mr Sylvester Bolam, seems ever since to have frightened everyone into a state in which it would be daring to the point of indecency to report that the Judge had a cold. The only way to put this position right is by legislation.

* * *

Roundabouts and All That, I reflected when I visited Battersea Park the other day, have progressed since my childhood, when for the first three days of May they annually occupied all the main streets of the market town where I was born. Gone forever, I suppose, are the painted horses and cocks which sedately went up and down while the procession went round and round. Today one must fly – and at very odd angles. One sick-making machine turns you upside-down and over and over. Nor do you nowadays bumble round on a gondola to the sound of festive music; you dash through a 'water chute,' or shriek on the 'big dipper.' By way of a change from rifle practice – or, in my days, coconut-shying – you can tip lovely ladies out of bed; they seem quite unconcerned by critical remarks about their undies. The best pleasures are those which the children can create for themselves, like steering a dodgem or, better still, learning how to punt their flat-bottomed boats in preparation for a university career. My own favourite is still the Rotor, which is worth a shilling to actors and watchers alike. The victims, I am sorry to say, no longer squeal when the floor drops away from them; many of them have become experts in walking like flies at an angle of ninety degrees from the rotating wall. Contented, I wandered out to find waiting for me, as if for Mr Pepys or Sir Alan Herbert, a launch to bring me down the river. The sky-line of the South Bank is always changing. The new blocks, clinical, dull and well drilled, are still only occasional interruptions of the old, familiar hugger-mugger. In a single glance you see the functional office blocks, the dwarfed splendour of Lambeth Palace, the pseudo-Gothic of St Thomas's Hospital, the period modernity of the LCC, and the Festival Hall which, looking like an aeroplane hangar from outside, unexpectedly houses one of the world's best concert rooms. The sun was still shining when, with a nice bit of sailsmanship, we disembarked at Charing Cross pier, and went home to our fish and chips.

* * *

Some years ago, after a conflict with his party, a Labour MP was threatened with withdrawal of the Whip. Next morning he got this letter:

> I have only met you once and am opposed to you in politics. But I cannot go to bed tonight without first wishing you well for tomorrow. I know how you must feel. I have been through it all myself.

The letter was signed 'Douglas Jardine', England's captain during the bodyline cricket storm. Most of last week's obituaries on Jardine portray him as the unbending, iron man. He was that on the cricket field; but off it he was a gently spoken, warm-hearted philosopher, who detested the Christian religion, but was more than commonly Christian in his private behaviour.

CRITIC

'It isn't the girl I saw you with at Brighton, Who-who-who's your lady friend?'

This England

Prizes: £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

Mr Kirk believed, unlike the leaders of the Labour Party, that Britain should both have the H-bomb and test it. Putting it from a woman's angle, he said: 'The H-bomb is a very delicate instrument. It goes off and I for one wouldn't like to think of them lying around the country without having been tested. Compare it with a new recipe that you have been given. Naturally you want to try it out first before serving it at a party. If you don't you have only yourselves to blame when you later find all your guests writhing on the floor!'—*Haslemere Herald.* (Edna Eatwell.)

Sir,—I understand that lads of 16-17 are going collecting the penny-in-the-slots from the Corporation ladies' lavatories. Apart from the confusion, with ladies in and out the whole time, it is a tasteless job. —Letter in *Gloucestershire Echo.* (R. Gilbert.)

Three youths who were found guilty of 'unreasonably chasing and terrifying 14 deer' belonging to the Mid-Kent Staghounds at Boughton Monchelsea, near Maidstone, were fined at Bearsted today.—*Evening Standard.* (A. B. Beaumont.)

Reading on your page every week about what happens to many girls has made me realize there are not as many nice boys as I thought.—Letter in *Woman.* (Brian Jones.)

The Sunday Stink

What, thirty pieces? Why, my dear Iscariot,
It's thirty thousand for the *copyright!*
(We'll drop that feature on the Fiery Chariot
And shift the Ten Commandments to the right.)
This will go well with the exclusive story
By Herod's lackey—'HOW WE KILLED THE KIDS'
(X-ish, sensational and pretty gory—
Between ourselves *The Ghoul* made heavy bids.)

The Emperor himself? About his fiddle?
Yes, certainly, but try to get the lot:
The conflagration and that taradiddle. . . .
(The Christians, you remember, got it hot.)
Tell him we'll run it with a purple border—
He sent some photos? So I would have guessed!
We'll print an extra million—that's an order—
Pay what he asks, for *magnus scoopus est.*

All of your wives? We'll send our crack reporter—
Yes, Mr Bluebeard, certainly, indeed—
Top rates, of course, for really *wholesale* slaughter—
Just give the spicy details we shall need.
We're running three embezzlers and some fences
A con-man and the usual sort of stuff:
This is terrific! Yes, we'll say 'expenses'—
'Death duties?' Boy, that joke's a little tough!

Why, Mr Oates, come round and talk it over—
Of course, we're interested—I suggest
'A PERJURER'S CONFESSIONS'—you're in clover:
We can pay more than any of the rest—
Good God, don't let a thing like *that* inhibit!
The angle interests us very much:
'INNOCENT MEN I HOUNDED TO THE GIBBET'—
Just what we needed for the *human* touch . . . .

Crime doesn't pay? Not when it's mean and shabby?
Don't scribblers itch whenever times are scabby?

REGINALD REYNOLDS

A Warning from Asia

We have received the following communication from President Sukarno of Indonesia.

SIR,—We in Indonesia followed with absorbed interest the correspondence of Earl Russell, Mr Krushchev and Mr Dulles concerning the H-bomb. We also watch with some relief the tide of mass protest growing in some of the hydrogen-armed countries. I feel that the voice of an Asian should be heard on this matter. Therefore, although uninvited, I am writing to you. I am writing from Djakarta, a city near the middle of Asia, the continent chosen as the atomic and hydrogen testing ground.

The war-time victims of the atomic bomb were Asians; it is scientifically indicated that the peace-time victims of hydrogen bomb testing are mostly Asian. It is quite time that Asian voices were heard on this matter. It is true that the choice of life or nuclear death is not in our hands, but at least we have the right and duty to speak and protest. It is our future no less than yours which is at stake.

As a man, a father, an Asian and a human being made in the image of God I am appalled at the cynicism of those who wield atomic weapons. They speak of saving their forms of civilisation, yet their policy is based on the determination to destroy, if they conceive it necessary, that civilisation. And, of course, that destruction would not be confined to themselves. The nature of nuclear warfare means that there could be no neutrality in such a clash. We, too, are inevitably scheduled for the nuclear incinerator if your 'fail-safe' civilisation should go wrong. It is a fearful thought that the future of the world rests upon the proper functioning of a thermionic valve somewhere in the Arctic.

In his letter to you, Mr Dulles made the point that the creed of the United States is based on the tenets of moral law. This I fully accept, just as I accept the great political and emotional impact of the American Declaration of Independence and of the Communist Manifesto. What cannot be accepted is a wilful perversion of moral law, a perversion whose weight falls upon the unconsulted and the unborn.

It must be recognised that both main nuclear powers are prepared to wage nuclear war in defence of what they consider to be their vital interests. Neither power is prepared to jeopardise itself nor forsake any possible advantage. Both are determined that the other shall not maintain a lead in retaliatory or offensive power. This is a fact of political life. This situation will continue so long as their ideologies remain vital.

In this situation, we of Asia are little but pawns in the game. We do not, and for this I am grateful, have atomic bombs to flourish. However, it would be most unwise to disregard Asian opinion. In all sincerity, I tell you that we are growing increasingly resentful of the present situation. Asians are the chief victims of the West's failures and moral bankruptcy.

The West is facing a moral crisis. If there are any future generations, what will be their verdict on this second half of the twentieth century? There is no doubt at all that the testing of these horror-weapons, let alone their use, has already claimed its victims, probably running into scores of thousands, already born and still unborn. You have abrogated to yourselves powers which rightly belong to the Almighty; you have already ensured that the sins of the fathers—your sins—shall be visited upon the children. Believe me in this context, we in Asia do not see you as saviours of civilisation or as forerunners of the future; we see you as agents of death—our death.

I am writing this letter on the occasion of the anti-H-bomb week in Indonesia. Already, outside my official residence, thousands of people are gathering. Do not think that they are Communists or Communist dupes. They are ordinary people, worried and wondering about their future, hopeful that their simple lives will not be ended and their hopes ruined by mistakes they did not make, but by distant people to whom they owe nothing. This anti-H-bomb week has been arranged in connection with the series of tests in Eniwetok. In terms of fall-out, that is in our back-yard. How many Asians will die as a result of those tests? Can the scientists tell us?

The tenets of moral law compel us to protest. Three years ago, the Bandung Conference 'considered that disarmament and the prohibition of experimentation and use of nuclear and thermo-nuclear weapons of war are imperative to save mankind and civilisation from the fear and prospect of wholesale destruction'.

We still believe that a firm and assured peace is necessary for us in order that our peoples can reconstruct these Asian states. We cannot impose peace upon the world, but we demand the right to be heard and consulted. The Bandung Conference further appealed that, 'pending the total prohibition of the manufacture of nuclear weapons, all the powers concerned should reach agreement to suspend experiments with such weapons'. Three years later, only one power has done so. Whatever the reasons for that action, we welcome it just as we should welcome any similar action by other powers.

If western civilisation, both the Communist and the anti-Communist branches, cannot solve this problem, then it probably deserves to perish. It must be realised that this now is not only a problem of security, but a problem of morality, personal and international.

We utterly deny the right of the West to continue imperilling us and our future. We utterly deny you the right to cause cancer in our children. It is past time for the West, Communist and anti-Communist alike, to draw back from the edge of complete moral bankruptcy. It is explicitly your task to utilise the skill and technique of your science for peaceful purposes.

One tenth of the treasure and skill used in making your hydrogen weapons could transform my country. We are still in a pre-industrial stage of development. We know that the engines which drive an atomic submarine can drive electric generators. We know which we prefer.

There can be no question now of the West giving moral leadership to Asia. Your moral leadership has, for us, meant first colonialism and now the philosophical, moral, political and social bankruptcy of a nuclear arms-race.

The thousands of people who are now gathered outside Merdeka Palace may be politically unsophisticated (although no more so than a mass-meeting in a western country), but they are not fools. They are awake.

You in the West are causing more gaps between humanity; you are also losing the battle for the hearts and minds of men.

Soekarno

PENSION POINTS: 3

Plans for a higher standard of state pensions and how this can best be achieved are being widely discussed. In this series of advertisements the Life Offices' Association and Associated Scottish Life Offices draw attention to some aspects of the problem which they believe to be important.

Supplementary pensions for all

About half of the male working population are members of occupational pension schemes, and the number is steadily increasing. On retirement they can look forward to a regular income to supplement their national pensions.

The introduction of new schemes and the extension of existing schemes to cover all employees of larger firms presents no difficulty. Indeed this can be expected as employers appreciate the need.

Many of those not yet covered are, however, employed by smaller firms or are 'casual' or 'mobile' workers. The question is how can the advantages available to those in larger firms with pension schemes best be made available also to the others.

The small firm presents no insuperable problem: many in fact already have pension schemes. Certain extensions of the provisions of the Finance Act, 1956, would, however, enable pension schemes for small firms to be arranged much more quickly and easily. In this way the number of workers covered could be very greatly increased.

The 'casual' and 'mobile' workers present a special problem. Their case merits examination by Government to determine whether a special voluntary scheme for supplementary pensions should be arranged for this class of worker or whether the existing facilities of private insurance could be suitably adapted for the purpose.

The Life Offices, who are playing such a big part in the provision of supplementary pensions, are convinced that there is scope for the further development of their service among all sections of the working population.

Issued by

THE LIFE OFFICES' ASSOCIATION

33 KING STREET, CHEAPSIDE, LONDON, E.C.2. *Established 1889*

and

ASSOCIATED SCOTTISH LIFE OFFICES

23 ST. ANDREW SQUARE, EDINBURGH, 2. *Established 1841*

The Bishops' Jamboree

'THE Queen thanks the Archbishop of Canterbury very much for his kind letter giving an account of the meeting of the bishops at Lambeth. It must have been most satisfactory to see how harmonious it was. The Archbishop will have had the opportunity of making many interesting acquaintances.'

That was the letter Queen Victoria wrote to Archbishop Benson after the third Lambeth conference in 1888. And though its tone is now gently mocked in the world of gaiters and lawn sleeves, it was by no means an inappropriate postscript to what are merely meant to be – in the Church's own phrase – 'brotherly consultations'. It is a very long road from the medieval Lateran to the modern Lambeth. And during the course of the next month puzzled frowns will appear on our television screens when tactless interviewers inquire of perplexed prelates: 'What exactly, my Lord, does the Lambeth conference do'.

For the answer, strictly, is nothing. The most Anglican thing about these gatherings of bishops of the Anglican communion – the ninth of which began this week – is that they have no power to decide anything at all. As the Bishop of Peterborough writes in this year's *Church of England Yearbook*, 'Every Lambeth conference has met on the understanding that it will not attempt to enact canons, make decisions binding on the Church, or define doctrine. The bishops meet to take common counsel and they can and do give advice. But these resolutions have no legal authority and in themselves do not constitute the law or directly affect the practice of any church'.

And in saying that, Dr Robert Stopford – who is this year's clerical secretary of the Lambeth conference – is merely echoing the extremely guarded tone of the original invitation that went out from Archbishop Longley in 1867 for the first Lambeth conference. That conference was summoned at the instigation of the Canadian bishops who wanted a world-wide synod – a revival of the former glories of General Councils. But Archbishop Longley – mindful no doubt of the perils of being a religious innovator – was not having any of that; and his letter of invitation (addressed to 144 bishops, only 76 of whom accepted) talked of 'united worship and common counsels' tending 'to maintain practically the unity of the faith' and 'bind us together in straiter bonds of peace and brotherly charity'.

But even those cautious words turned out to have their satirical side. For not only did the then Archbishop of York, Dr William Thomson, and the whole of his Upper House of Convocation, refuse to attend the first Lambeth conference – and Dean Stanley decline to lend Westminster Abbey for the purpose of its worship – but, when the 76 bishops did eventually come together, they devoted nearly all their attention to demanding the deposition and excommunication of Bishop Colenso of Natal. It was not perhaps a very impressive start to maintaining the unity of the faith.

But all along, the great danger of Lambeth conferences has been that they will have precisely the opposite effect from that which was intended – that, so far from promoting unity, they will bring disunity out into the open. Bishop Charles Gore gave the show away when he wrote privately to Randall Davidson in 1920: 'I dread the Lambeth conference and its consequences'. And the reason for his dread was given by the Archbishop himself when he wrote in a private sigh of relief after all was over: 'We had to deal for the first time with the probability that we should find a minority in the conference who would not be content to be an acquiescent minority but might march out leaving us, or raise cohorts outside'. And ten years later Archbishop Lang did not have to deal with a probability but with a fact. Bishop Walter Carey of Bloemfontein stamped out of the 1930 Lambeth conference on the issue of birth control – and confirmed Randall Davidson's prediction by attempting to raise the reigning monarch, King George V, as one of his 'cohorts outside'.

It is the perpetual threat of private quarrels leading to public schism that probably explains the singularly unimpressive record of the eight Lambeth conferences that have so far taken place. The dilemma behind them was comically put by Dr Gibson, Bishop of Gloucester, 38 years ago. On the delicate question of creeds he commented with a touch of pathos: 'Though we fully realise the difficulty of saying *anything*, yet we are agreed that *something* ought to be said though *what* this should be requires the most careful consideration'. Little wonder that Hensley Henson felt moved to write in his journal: 'Bishops for the most part are timid creatures'; or that his recurring comment on attending two Lambeth conferences (as Bishop of Durham) was 'The discussion bored me stark'.

And this year's Lambeth, in its turn, does not promise to be exactly exhilarating. There are five items on the agenda: the Holy Bible – its authority and message – church unity and the Church Universal, progress in the Anglican communion, the reconciling of conflicts between and within nations, and the family in modern society. Of these only the last two (rising above the level of introspective parochialism) show the Church's concern with the human problems of the world. And despite the traditional row over church unity, they will probably detonate the biggest controversies of the conference. 'The reconciling of conflicts between and within nations' looks like being Dr Fisher's hardest hurdle. Under this head the bishops will have to consider both the racial problem and the H-bomb.

On the first the Bishop of Johannesburg and the Archbishop of Cape Town, supported by the various coloured bishops, are expected to try to persuade the conference to issue a strong statement affirming the principle of the equality of man and denouncing the policies of the South African government for their denial of it. But the trouble here is that a number of South African bishops are nothing like as hot for brotherhood as are Dr Ambrose Reeves and Dr Joost de Blank – both of whom are imports from the English church. And the soft-pedallers are perfectly entitled to point out that so long as the Church of the Province of South Africa practises segregation in some of its own churches, any denunciation of the South African government is bound to provoke comments about 'motes and beams'. With discreet words of caution from the purple-socked businessmen from the US they may well prevent the conference making any stand on the colour problem.

On the H-bomb, the chance of some kind of 'moral lead' from the 'Fathers in God' is perhaps better, though it may well be a case of Dr George Bell (one of the few retired bishops attending the conference) and the Asian bishops (especially those from Japan) dragging the rest into line. The Archbishop of Canterbury embalmed the spirit of Lambeth when he announced some four years ago: 'At its very worst all a Hydrogen Bomb can do is to sweep a vast number of persons at one moment from this world into the other, and more vital, world into which, anyhow, they must all pass at some time'.

But perhaps the classic illustration of the triumphantly timid, escapist spirit of Lambeth has in the past been provided by its attitude to Christian reunion and the Church of South India. It took 38 years – and three separate conferences – for the bishops to reach any decision on what their attitude would be to a united Church of South India. And when the decision was finally reached ten years ago it was – in a spiritual echo of Joanna Southcott and the opening of the box – that all would be made known in 30 years' time. Even international diplomatic conferences can stand comparison with such a record.

And Lambeth has in fact a good deal in common with international meetings at the Summit. There is the same 'fixed' agenda and the keeping out – so far as possible – of 'dangerous' topics, the same atmosphere of slightly sinister secret diplomacy (repeatedly broken by wildly indiscreet episcopal autobiographies), the same threatened walk-outs by those who are voted down, and the same elaborate social functions going on on the side-lines that by the end begin to look like the primary object of the exercise.

In the course of the next month the attentive reader of gossip columns will probably gather the impression that the bishops have come to Lambeth to attend garden parties, to bestow their grace on government receptions, and to enable their wives to do their ten-yearly shopping. Someone – the episcopal equivalent of Queen Salote of Tonga – will be picked out as being news-value. The tea-cups will rattle in the gardens of Buckingham Palace, the pectoral

Plus ça change—"There was a police helicopter whirring over our heads. . . . I began to have that uncomfortable Kafka feeling. . . . Suddenly I remembered that I was carrying . . . a clandestine copy of Henry Alleg's *The Question*."

Plus c'est la même chose—"In between mouthfuls the lovers would stroke hands or chew each other's ears." Just two extracts from the vivid, authoritative articles on France in the July number of the

2/6 **Twentieth Century** 2/6

26 Bloomsbury Way, London, W.C.1.

crosses will 'sparkle in the sunshine', and small silver coins will drop apologetically into collection plates at missionary meetings. In addition a desperate effort will be made by *The Times* to forget all about Archbishop Makarios and to build up the Archbishop of Canterbury into the Man of the Month.

Of course even on that level Lambeth conferences do have some purpose. 'A missionary bishop', wrote Randall Davidson, 'stands so much by himself that if he happens to be a man of eccentric mode of proceeding he might, in the course of time, compromise the Church both at home and in the colonies.' And formal social occasions are no doubt valuable in reminding those who work in heathen lands afar that the Establishment still commands their allegiance and that England continues to expect.

Probably Hensley Henson had a suspicion that that was what it was all about when he wrote in his diary: 'If all our problems could be solved by well-arranged pageants we should do well enough'. And Hensley Henson and Queen Victoria can still afford to stand against all the 'Recalls To Religion', 'Appeals To All Christian People', and 'Messages To The World' that Lambeth has so far produced. For they at least had an appreciation of reality; and their thinking was not wishful.

ANTHONY HOWARD

Bernard Shaw's Barber

I CANNOT relax in a barber's chair. All over the south-east are to be found barbers whose temper, or nerve, has broken under the strain of the silent but quivering impatience which radiates from me as I sit under their careful hands. Some, on seeing me enter the shop, discover that they have to go out to an early lunch, or to shave some bedridden octogenarian clergyman. I have deserved this, for although I say nothing a resentment of the need for their services is implicit in the ill-grace with which I submit to their ministrations, and the excessive tips with which I try to buy pardon.

The rich and mighty are, in this matter, either waited on in their homes; or they keep to themselves exclusive and fabulously expensive saloons where the chromium plate on the taps is an inch thick. Here, at certain times of certain days, are to be seen the men seven feet tall and four wide who stare over your head at others of their kind, or at their special and luscious women, at cocktail parties given by wealthy publishers to launch books which would otherwise fall dead from the press. The men who had nylon shirts and terylene suits before those fabrics got into Marks and Spencer's, where the rest of us buy our clothes. (What on earth do they wear now? It would be out of keeping to go back to cloth of gold and the kind of silk which squeaks in the fingers.) It is thus, then, that the PR counsel, the executives of advertising agencies and the TV tycoons, the boys in the money, have their hair cut. But what of the merely great?

I have never been able quite to accept the fact that Stalin had to have his hair cut. Nor can I imagine Mr Cousins, Archbishop Makarios or Mr Evelyn Waugh being under that necessity, although they probably have little else in common. Do prime ministers, rising in the morning like the ridiculous rest of us, appear tousled in pyjamas and badly needing a shave? Does Pandit Nehru go weekly to some back-street barber shop for short back and sides? Comrade Mao to some stool in the open street to have, as Kai Ling would say, his surfaces made smooth? These questions are answered if one considers the extreme case: General de Gaulle. Whether one cries *de Gaulle au pouvoir!* or, rather, *au poteau!* the general is, precisely, a Great Man. And I cannot believe that hair would dare grow on him one millimetre longer than is convenient. And this, perhaps, is the case for the great in general: they are spared the morning bristle, the fringe over the collar, five o'clock shadow. (Only the wily Laval – remember? – with his extraordinary demagogue's touch, had the cleverness to *look* as if he needed a shave.)

A part of these miseries I avoided by growing a beard, but even that had to be trimmed and for many years I sought a barber who would put up with me. I found him three years ago, a quiet, confident, easy man, little apt to talk, uninterested in sport, politics or weather, and too proud to be a salesman of toothpaste and hair oil. When he does speak it is by way of admonishment: 'It's not the slightest use you fidgetting, you won't get done any sooner'. Or, 'If you was to sit still and stop scowling at that clock, which is kept seven minutes fast, I could do my work right'. *My work;* that is the point, just as a cook talks of her kitchen, a surgeon of his case. I am a job. Yet there are times when the barber feels that a silence has endured so long as to endanger the temporary, tenuous but important bond which unites barber and customer in what might almost be called a symbiotic relationship. Mutual satisfaction depends on its maintenance. And to maintain it he will utter, at rare intervals, a remark carefully prepared to enable me to reply in three words. The bond is thus remade from time to time; and on each occasion endures until his work is done.

Can he have supposed that his remark yesterday was as indifferent, as calculated to spare me the trouble of thinking, as those he has been offering me for three years? It is possible, certainly; for have I not been careful to know nothing about him? He had finished the hair and was doing the beard and we had been silent for five minutes, which is about the limit our speechless communion will stand without failing. Then – and I was expecting a remark – it came: 'This is something', he said, absently, concentrating on the corner of the mouth, 'Bernard Shaw would never let me do'.

I did not believe he had been Bernard Shaw's barber; as I have explained, I did not believe that Bernard Shaw had a barber. But I was startled and disturbed because it was simply not the kind of joke my barber ever made. There was one, in another place, and from whom I had fled in despair, who used to do just that: he had a facetious tone and a ready tongue and used to invent whimsical little tales about himself; he would maintain that he was not what he seemed; that he, for instance, had really written the *Outline of History* attributed to H. G. Wells. He was a scream. Was I to go through all that again? As I dwelt on this prospect, the barber explained his remark in three words: 'Only the hair'.

And there was something completely convincing about it. Abruptly I knew that this was no joke, that Bernard Shaw had had his hair cut, and this man had cut it, I asked, only half convinced:

'You really cut Bernard Shaw's hair?'

'Dozens of times'.

'Where?' I insisted, still suspicious.

He told me; it was plausible. And he repeated: 'Never the beard, only the hair. Not that he had much', he added, 'thin it was. Not as thin as yours, but thin. Come to that, he was over 80'.

I silently rejoiced, yet was sobered, too. It was great news that Bernard Shaw, like me, had to have his hair cut; but a little disappointing. It was a bit like the time I slipped into a stinking street urinal in just-recaptured Cherbourg to find myself shoulder to shoulder with a general whose name and face I associated with the god-like act of slaying his tens of thousands. Never again could I see his victories in quite the same light.

It suddenly occurred to me that I was wasting precious, counted time. There could hardly be three minutes to go to the completion of my beard-trim, and there could be no question of ever broaching this topic again: I would not have been willing to endanger the relaxing indifference between the barber and myself even if he had announced that he had cut Bernard Shaw's throat instead of his hair. The modified silence which composed our communion had been a work of time, but it could be destroyed in a matter of minutes. I might risk the last minutes of this session in chat; the next must be as still as all its predecessors.

What question should I ask? What question was it my duty to ask? Because, for all I knew, Bernard Shaw was a talkative man in the barber's chair. And if Bernard Shaw talked it must, though only to his barber, have been wit and wisdom.

India WELCOMES YOU

Today the splendours of the gorgeous East may be visited and enjoyed amid modern comforts.

Travel in India is easy, efficient and cool, for air-conditioned airliners, railways and hotels are at your service.

Come and see this newest ancient land.

Illustrated brochures and suggested itineraries available from your Travel Agent or

GOVERNMENT OF INDIA TOURIST OFFICE

28 Cockspur St London SW1 TRA 1718

It was at least possible that the word of the enigma, the creative logos, the 20th century equivalent of the syllable *Om!* which had started us all on our courses, had been uttered to the man whose hands now deftly brushed out my beard and snipped at salient ends; and who had done the same for Bernard Shaw's hair. But not his beard. Why, I suddenly thought, not? Must I face the fact that in this, as in all else, Bernard Shaw had been superior beyond comparison to me, so superior that he could not only write *St. Joan*, which I could not, but could trim his own beard? I said 'Did he talk while you cut his hair?' 'Ah, he talked. Very affable man I always thought.'

The lives of great men all remind us . . . ought I, too, to be affable? I asked: 'What did he talk about?' 'The weather', said the barber, 'the weather. Always had a lot to say about the weather'.

Nothing I have ever heard has given me so much pleasure. For it has always seemed to me that my interest in and propensity to talk about the weather is a flaw in me. Because this is not, for me, small talk. I am passionately interested; the only thing I listen to on the wireless with regularity and miss when I am away, is the weather forecast. I am apt to go up to people and ask whether they have heard that half an inch of rain fell on Tunbridge Wells in half an hour. And as it is out of the question to suppose that Shaw ever talked of anything he thought trivial, then he, too, must have thought the weather interesting.

'Nothing else?' I said, 'just the weather?'—for I was thinking, despite my pleasure: what, no *logos*, no *om!* 'That's right', the barber said, brushing hairs off my collar, 'and then, one day, a funny thing happened. He didn't like to be pointed at. Touchy, he was. A woman came into the shop with a little boy to have his hair cut, which they will do and it's a nuisance what with the way some kids create, but you can't refuse, the boy being father to the man as they say and the man needing a haircut three thousand five hundred times in an average lifetime, which is four hundred and thirty seven quids' worth of work for the barber. Well, this kid pipes up about the beard, the way they will, as you know, though yours is unobtrusive, I'll say that for it. And his mother, instead of giving him a clip over the ear-hole which is what he deserved says "Yes, darling, that's right. That's Mr Bernard Shaw and his beard is famous". Said it, you know, as if she'd invented his beard to amuse the boy, pleased as Punch with herself. Know what he done? Flushed up like a girl. Fact. And he never come back to our shop.'

Only when I was outside on the pavement did I think of the question I should really have liked to ask. How much had Shaw tipped? He was odd about money in his last decades and it would have amused me to know. But there can be no question of that now: encouraged, the barber might go on talking, talking, talking. . . .

EDWARD HYAMS

In the spirit of pure science we offer the above formula as the solution to all problems of sound reproduction. Hi Fi is short for High Fidelity and the shortest and surest way to find out all about it is to come along to Imhofs or write for the latest edition of our illustrated Hi Fi catalogue.

Ask also for details of special Thursday evening Hi Fi Recitals. Stereophonic Sound now on daily demonstration.

IMHOFS Alfred Imhof Limited, Dept. 56, 112-116 New Oxford Street London WC1 MUSeum 7878

MAKE YOUR HOLIDAY PAY

for itself by writing about it! Editors want articles and stories with a holiday flavour. The London School of Journalism will show you how to write—and sell—them.

Free Book and advice from:

Prospectus Office

LONDON SCHOOL OF JOURNALISM

19, Hertford St., Park Lane, W 1 GRO 8250

The Arts and Entertainment

Viennese Diary

THE International Institute for Peace in Vienna has just set up a Cultural Commission. One of its principal aims is to extend our knowledge about the literature and the arts being produced by the smaller, lesser-known cultural and national groups throughout the world.

In England our provincialism in this respect is formidable. There are English poets who have never heard of Neruda, and literary editors to whom the name of Nazim Hikmet means nothing. Recently we have heard of a number of Hungarian writers, but only because they featured in a political crisis. What do we know of the Greek theatre, Algerian poetry, Persian painting, the philosophy of Egyptian intellectuals, Korean novelists, Latin-American satirists? Defenders of our complacency will, of course, say: 'If we haven't heard of these people they can't be much good'. This, however, is simply the result of an insular superiority complex. In reality, we are due for our cultural Sputnik surprises too.

Yet prejudice apart, there are other more objectively based obstacles to our having some kind of international cultural awareness—which means, incidentally, something quite different from being cosmopolitan. There are the difficulties created by minority languages, commercial necessity, oppressive governments, and cold-war prohibitions. It is in dealing with some of these that this new commission will, I think, prove very useful.

* * *

All over Vienna at the moment there are posters of a photograph of Oscar Kokoschka, looking strangely like Alec Guinness. They announce a huge retrospective exhibition of over 600 paintings, drawings, lithographs, at the Kunstlerhaus. Kokoschka supplies another example of our parochialism. When, as an anti-Nazi, he came to England in 1938, he was over fifty, acknowledged throughout Europe as a master. Yet, during the following fourteen years in which he lived here—part of the time in real poverty—he was officially and almost totally neglected. Consequently, it is now difficult for an Englishman to write about his work without a sense of shame and guilt.

Kokoschka's genius is anyway a very difficult one to define. On the one hand, it is sensible to compare him with Rubens—not necessarily in stature, but temperamentally, because he has the same kind of scale as a painter. Like Rubens, he has painted panoramic landscapes which the light visits like an archangel at an Annunciation. Like Rubens, he glories in exotic animals and fruits, seeing them as symbols of various kinds of human energy. Like Rubens, he paints human flesh as though it were a garden and each brushmark a blossom. And, like Rubens too, he is immensely confident, never failing through diffidence, but sometimes through abundance becoming chaos. Yet, on the other hand, Kokoschka is a man of the twentieth century whose art is derived from the anguish of Expressionism. His best landscapes reveal the scale of modern cities. His best portraits suggest that the sitter has been taken by startled surprise, at a moment of revelation: the countless brushmarks which overtly celebrate the marriage of light and colour, also imply an extreme, tattered sensitivity and nervousness—his sitters are vulnerable not only in themselves but also because they live in an age of authorised torturing: their hands are restless, searching for some kind of certainty, like those of St Thomas searching for the wound.

Kokoschka has not always been able to resolve the rival demands of these two selves. Sometimes the sensualist takes over with too much abandon—so that the result is like the dream food of a man condemned to live on biscuits and water. At other times the shriek of pain is too shrill. (How hard it is for us to accept the fact that art can never be quite directly a cry from the heart; yet accept it we must, for therein lies what we are occasionally justified in calling the heroism of art.) Yet despite his failures, and despite the fact that neither of his two selves lends him much ability for organising the structure of a painting as a whole, Kokoschka's genius remains. He has painted a number of magnificent portraits and landscapes, but he is greater than the sum of these. He has maintained a great example: the example of a painter who has refused to withdraw into abstract æsthetics: the example of a painter whose interests have remained universal; the example of a painter who, having borne witness to great suffering, still, at the age of 72, believes with Blake that 'Exuberance is Beauty'.

* * *

Due to fig-leaf hypocrisy, it is not generally enough realised that all nudes are a comment on sex. They have no other *raison d'être*, and here æsthetics are as much a gloss as they are in any other context. (How often do critics use the word 'sensuous' when they mean sexual?) One of the voluptuous devices that artists have used since the Renaissance is that of painting or drawing the feminine body as it turns from a full view into a profile; the ensuing movement creates a tension around the hips which emphasises their mobility. Picasso has taken this idea, as he has taken so many, to its extreme: in some of his works we are presented not only with a front view and profile of a woman, but a whole turn through 180 degrees which also discloses her back. In the Kunsthistorisches Museum (which has just reopened its fine Flemish, Dutch and German rooms and is showing in them many paintings which have not been seen for 20 years) there is the Rubens nude of Helen Fourment—perhaps the most personal, intimate picture he ever

painted. A black fur coat is thrown over her shoulders and crosses her stomach.

Above the coat, her shoulders, her breasts in compressed perspective and her head, are those of a woman looking back at us as she turns away; beneath the coat her legs with her Flemish knees – dimpled like an eiderdown quilt – are those of a woman, with one heel raised off the floor, just about to stride towards us. Thus, the coat hides the nodal point of the kind of turn I am discussing, and what happens beneath it is anatomically impossible. Indeed, this canvas is a striking example of how a distortion can be accepted without even being noticed except by a pedantic drawing master like myself. Or is that 'pedantic' too self-deprecating? For, in fact, this would be an even greater painting if the quality of the hidden distortion was pursued openly and consistently throughout the whole figure, as, say, in the Munich *Crowning of the Hero*. Distortions are a medium through which the artist has to work, but everything on the canvas should be seen equally and evenly through that medium. Not even the radiant contrast between flesh and fur, or heaven and hell, should distract the artist from this consistency.

* * *

The greatest single impression one takes away from the Museum is of the Breughel gallery with the *Road to Calvary*, the *Massacre of the Innocents*, *The Tower of Babel* and others in it. It is a commonplace to say that Breughel strikes us as a contemporary artist, but the two principal reasons for this are, I think, interesting. It is often said that his work seems contemporary because he painted with an emphasis on two-dimensional flat patterns. This, however, is only half way to the truth. The Siennese painted with a similar emphasis, but they do not have a similar urgency for us. It is not the flatness so much as the absolutely unambiguous clarity of his images that connects him with certain artists of our century. Breughel's interest in colour, light, design, are all subordinated to his self-appointed task of bearing witness to what he has seen. He issued warnings, and between the *Road to Calvary* and *Guernica*, no clearer, starker warnings were painted.

The other reason why Breughel strikes us as contemporary concerns his attitude to his time: to the Spanish occupation and persecution of his country. Before he died he destroyed some of his pictures in order to safeguard his family—he, too, worked under the most reactionary censorship. And the terrible wheels of torture on poles, which he introduced into many of his paintings because he saw them every day, could serve as symbols of the concentration camps, as powerful as any we have created. Even his peasant scenes of games and weddings and reasonable, safe, daily life, are full of a clear but not satirical observation of stupidity and short-sightedness, that is almost the exact equivalent of Brecht's attitude in *Mother Courage*. Possibly he was the first artist who saw massacres, who saw death, and refused any religious consolation.

JOHN BERGER

Noah and Mme Callas

AMONG festivals Aldeburgh is the least stereotyped: to a casual observer its loose-knit scheme might suggest a feat of brilliant improvisation. The truth is surely very different: months of devoted and (one suspects) largely unpaid work must lie behind these crowded June days. For instance, on five successive nights Miss Imogen Holst's Purcell Singers discoursed ancient music for half an hour in the Parish Church; and these programmes, each built around a *Magnificat*, and ranging from Dunstable to Buxtehude, indicated the most careful and musicianly preparation. Too often the advocates of early music make everything sound alike; Miss Holst lovingly discerned and revealed the individual genius of each of her chosen Old Masters, with the result that, even after a long and busy day, these late-night sessions proved to be among the most enjoyable and treasurable events of the week.

Very new music, as well as very old, finds a place in the Aldeburgh schedule. Julian Bream, rapt poet of the plucked string, played us a Guitar Sonatina by Lennox Berkeley which had been most cunningly devised for the instrument, yet seemed disarmingly spontaneous; and he collaborated with Peter Pears in the introduction of a lute-accompanied Chinese song-cycle (to Arthur Waley's versions) by Benjamin Britten. These six songs are written in that quasi-improvised arioso manner of which Britten has the secret, and contain passages of a glancing subtlety exactly appropriate to the elusive, smiling melancholy of the verse. Mr Pears, in easy voice, responded to every fine nuance in words and melodic line.

By far the most important novelty was Britten's setting of the Chester Miracle Play, *Noye's Fludde*, which was given three public performances in the ancient church of Orford, besides a further performance on Associated Television whose help had made the production possible. It is a work wholly characteristic of the composer, full of his sympathy for children, his resourcefulness in turning to account their modest powers as performers, his unfailing pictorial instinct, and his rare insight into the medieval mind. Around the font, to the left of a platform stage erected in the west end of the church, sits a Children's Orchestra drawn from all over Suffolk; at the approach of the Flood, bugles from the chancel fill the firmament with their excited summons; the first huge drops of rain are graphically depicted by the striking of slung mugs of varying pitch with wooden spoons; a chime of handbells joyously decorates the curve of God's rainbow. If all this should sound tiresomely quaint, let it be affirmed that in the context it seemed every bit as natural and proper as the imitative effects in Haydn's *Creation*. Nor is the music so simple as one might suppose: to suggest that it lies within the powers of any school or village church is misleading. The notes themselves, whether vocal or instrumental, may present little difficulty (Britten works wonders merely with the open strings); but their realisation within the ensemble, against all manner of syncopations and cross-rhythms, must require great skill in training and patience in rehearsal. Charles Mackerras, the able conductor, can congratulate himself that this complex and peculiar score should have come off so well, with no more than ten professional players and only two professional singers – the sonorous and patriarchal Noah of Owen Brannigan and the amusingly cantankerous Mrs Noah of Gladys Parr. All the other singers were children.

The audience participates in three great hymns, two of which begin and end the work, while a third forms the climax of its central episode. After the initial briefing of Noah by God (a tremendous unseen speaking voice), the patriarch's three sons and their wives scamper on, all eagerness to help build the Ark; their jaunty, bright-eyed tune is first cousin to 'Tom, Tom, the piper's son', and the rising excitement of its use, in upward steps of a tone, recalls the similar treatment of that nursery rhyme in *The Turn of the Screw*. Before our eyes, the Ark is constructed and the waters begin to rise. After the grumpy episode of Mrs Noah and her gossips, a captivating march-tune interspersed with bugle-calls brings on the animals, each group in turn singing their Kyrie from the lowest register to the highest; there is a touching change of colour in the harmony – at first from major to minor, then wandering farther afield – as the conscious and fearful humans take over the Kyries from the blithe animals. The long, fierce storm is built on a ground-bass; the lurching rhythm of the theme depicts the motion of the ship over which the multifarious orchestra breaks in fury. Very strange and beautiful is the visual effect of the closely packed Ark riding the waves, with Noah at the prow and brave Japhet straining at the tiller. As the arpeggio waves rise, and the recorders scream high above the rattling ropes, into the chromatic Maelstrom stride the firm diatonic steps of Dyke's great hymn, 'Eternal Father, strong to save'; the Ark-load sings it, we all sing it; and the storm begins to subside. At last the ground-bass ceases to heave; raven and dove flutter out, both to hesitant tunes in waltz rhythm; land is sighted, the Ark empties, the rainbow unfurls; and the work magnificently ends with Tallis's canon uttered by all and sundry in a calm G major while the bugles continue to shout for victory their thrilling, muscular B flat. Britten's bold conception was perfectly matched by the settings and production of Colin Graham and the costumes of Ceri Richards. Whether or not next November's projected per-

BATSFORD

going to Wales?

Published to coincide with the Festival of Wales

WALES IN COLOUR

Text by Wyn Griffith 16s. net

With its 24 superb colour photographs, this newest *Heritage Colour Book* is "calculated to cause the Englishman who has never braved the rampart of hills and mountains that separate his country from Wales acute regret that he has not done so." (TIMES EDUCATIONAL SUPPLEMENT)

going to Italy?

Then here is a book which "can be read with appreciation either before or after a visit to Italy" (THE SPHERE)—

THE CATHEDRALS OF ITALY

by J. W. Franklin 35s. net

In describing them all — 34 in detail — Mr. Franklin "has done an admirable piece of work." (LIVERPOOL DAILY POST)

building a House?

Whether dreaming or really instructing an architect, there is an abundance of facts and ideas in the text and 149 photographs and plans of—

HOUSES AND BUNGALOWS

by June Park 45s. net

Described by Robert Harling in the SUNDAY TIMES as "the best post-war book on the building of small houses."

BATSFORD

formances in Southwark Cathedral take place, this is a piece surely destined to make the rounds of the English-speaking world, for it offers something badly needed: Hindemithian 'utility music' stirred by the breath of genius.

It is a far cry from these inspired simplicities to the sophisticated grandeur of two big occasions at Covent Garden: the revival of *The Trojans* (with both Blanche Thebom and Jon Vickers far better, at the second performance, than last year, and David Kelly exceedingly impressive as the Ghost of Hector) and the long-awaited appearance of Maria Callas in *La Traviata*. The latter was an oddly uncomfortable evening: at once a triumph and something not far from a disaster. Hitherto I have felt equal impatience with those who think Mme Callas can do no wrong and those who think she can do no right; but after her first act on Friday I found it easy to sympathise with an old friend and experienced opera-goer who at that point fled the theatre. The soprano's tone, always a little on the sinewy side, was on this occasion sheer gristle: in a first-rate restaurant, no matter how subtle the sauce, no sensible man would have hesitated to send the dish back to the kitchen. It was rumoured that the singer received medical aid during the interval; and it was certainly true that in the technically easier music of the later acts her voice sounded somewhat better, though never what one could honestly call secure or tonally alluring. To offset this deficiency, we had a masterly and almost painfully realistic portrayal of character, a sense of impending doom and of frenzied snatching at the rags of happiness, which held our eyes perpetually enthralled, however our ears might protest. To many people this spectacle, together with Mme Callas's shapely phrasing and unfailingly vivid declamation of the long role, were more than enough to compensate for all vocal flaws; yet what ballet-lover would consider a danger to be a great Giselle, however beautifully her conception and 'interpretation' of the part, if her actual dancing were so precarious? Another time, I hope to hear Mme Callas in better voice, but I doubt if she will ever be my favourite Violetta, for with all her histrionic gifts she lacks spontaneity and simple pathos. Cesare Valletti, her Alfredo, sang with good judgment but with little tonal charm; Mario Zanasi, as Germont *père*, deployed his pleasantly clean and youthful-sounding baritone without much apparent effort to think himself into the quiet respectability and elderliness of the part; indeed, a certain *empressement* in his manner with Violetta more than once suggested that for two pins he might have taken on the lady himself, and be blowed to the family escutcheon. Nicola Rescigno conducted admirably.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

"A superb piece of historical portraiture . . . THE WINTHROP WOMAN, both book and character will remain in the memory of thousands of readers for a long, long time." JOHN P. MARQUAND.

The Winthrop Woman

ANYA SETON

The author of KATHERINE a great new historical novel about the woman who defied the Puritan code. "It would be hard to find in fiction a more vivid picture of the founding of New England." DANIEL GEORGE in The Bookman.

18/- net.

HODDER & STOUGHTON

Summer's Full Flood

THERE could hardly be an apter theme for an English summer festival than Noah's Flood. For once, the two channels complemented each other sensibly. Benjamin Britten's new opera was shown by ATV at 6.15 p.m. on Sunday; and later the same evening the BBC's *Monitor* took us on a fascinating trip to Aldeburgh, interviewed Mr Britten, and gave some idea of the enormous amount of local enthusiasm and rehearsal that had gone into the production we had already seen. Justly emphasised was Mr Britten's adaptability, his genius for using the talent that happens to be at hand – a school's team of handbell-ringers, for instance; when he wanted the 'vague but ominous tune' of raindrops falling at the start of the Flood, he got a boy to play it (as Mr Shawe-Taylor notes) on ordinary mugs slung on a bit of string.

The People Ask Parliament, on whose excessive brevity I commented last week, got five minutes extra this week, when the Government and Opposition Chief Whips discussed party discipline with Mr. Grimond. Five minutes can make a lot of difference: the 19 minutes now devoted to the discussion seemed a much more reasonable time.

Another ITV documentary series of some serious merit is *Only Yesterday*, which ends tonight (Friday, 10 p.m.) with a review in film and interview of the General Strike of 1926. Last week's edition dealt with Munich, and duly turned our stomachs with those old news reels of Chamberlain's toothy grin. That cautious ex-bureaucrat, Lord Strang, interviewed in the studio, admitted – twenty years too late – that this had not been an altogether creditable episode in our history.

I wonder what the Strangs of the present day are saying and doing about the Lebanon? Since the Foreign Office and the BBC are fellow-members of the Establishment, Monday's *Panorama* was disquieting. Mr Dimbleby, reading the words carefully, said that Britain and America might soon 'be called upon to take a very grave decision – how far to intervene'. Not 'whether', you note, but 'how far'. . . . Good as Woodrow Wyatt usually is at these overseas reports, this was one of his least adequate. He did not interview General Shehab, but recorded from an anonymous 'government supporter' some highly dubious intelligence about the strength of the rebel forces. He did not interview Saeb Salam or Kemal Tumblatt or any other opposition leader: instead, he 'went for a summary of the opposition case' to a middle-of-the-road business man, M. Emile Bustani – who did at least say that it would be 'fatal' for Britain to send troops into the Lebanon. He did interview the Speaker of the Assembly, but did not ask him about last year's rigged elections. He also interviewed President Chamoun (the BBC, wrongly, boasting that the interview was 'exclusive'); asked him some of the right questions, but did not seem to know what supplementaries to press him with; and did not ask him the one crucial question – whether he still had in his mind the possibility of a further term as President. Most disturbingly of all, Mr Wyatt ended by referring to the Lebanon as 'that little country . . . being pushed to change its régime against the will of the majority of its people'. How does he know? This is completely contrary to the views expressed by, for instance, the *Manchester Guardian* and by other correspondents who have spent far longer in Beirut than he.

Apart from this, it was an excellent *Panorama* – the best, and most horrifying item being an interview with Mr Vance Packard (of *The Hidden Persuaders*), who reported on 'the depth approach' now favoured by American advertisers and their expert psychological advisers. Painstaking research is devoted, for instance, to the best way of inducing three- and four-year-old girls to *want* home-perms (primarily by making them feel that they will be unloved with straight hair). This item was prefaced by the parody-commercial for 'Spresso' ('the big tin with the milk in'), the coffee-drink marketed in the BBC's recent dramatised documentary, *The Golden Egg*. (I wonder how many grocers were asked for Spresso next morning?) Mr Packard thought this commercial a good example of 'the depth approach,' since it used milk as 'a symbol of emotional security' and showed 'a believable housewife, not a cutie' (thus assisting viewer-identification).

The real commercials have gone all summery: they provide almost the only glimpse of sunshine that Britons have had this June. The Mackeson bottles are on the river; Idris-drinkers mow their tidy lawns; Phyllosan and Player's both exploit Wimbledon; Britvic juices, alas, are still 'juicedly good'.

To me it seems a breathtaking example of irresponsibility that ITV should simply have dropped its much-boosted (and, on the whole, good) school programmes for two weeks, in favour of Wimbledon.

TOM DRIBERG

Bringing 'em Back?

IT may be unfair to peg current films to a report on the decline of film industry. But there in cinemas are the empty spaces, and either they have to be filled, or there must be contraction: smaller halls and films – one hopes – more incisive.

PEP's *The British Film Industry*, 1958 (5s), a pamphlet addition to the 300-page report of six years ago, details what we know already; and its statistics have the fault of most statistics, that things have changed since. But here, for those who want the situation summarised and tabulated, are the inescapable facts of what we know from experience. We know that we can walk into cinemas only half-populated; PEP tells us that attendances in 1957 were more than two-fifths less than in 1946, and that a weekly twelve million may represent the 'hard' public when the decline slows down. This might seem large enough support; but not for an industry which,

with State subsidies, has managed to lose money in the heyday of film finance, with little on the artistic side to show for it. The British Film Industry, in fact, is the lame duck with the most pious quack, and looks like remaining so till the end: executive-ridden, union-bound, vowed to the second-rate, and destructive of all original impulse. So it has always been, so presumably it always will be – though this is outside the scope of the PEP report, which deals not with quality but with quantity. Something of a social revolution would be needed before we had a new, live stir in British films which would put them first in the world's estimation. (Nearly every other country except ours has earned at some moment, this primacy.) Even that initial step in breaking the present stranglehold – the passing of a law that would prevent circuit-owners, as in America, from deciding what kind of films may be made and shown – is blocked here by strong interests in the two political parties. Must we resign ourselves to going on as we have always done, looking for films from abroad?

The response this week, from all quarters, isn't encouraging. *Ten North Frederick* (Carlton), the best of a poor bunch, aims at a low-down in high places, but hasn't quite the ruthlessness or the dope to bring it off. The sardonic framework is there: a notable funeral party, relayed to the millions by a roving TV reporter lying on a van, and a drunken son coming down to denounce the widow and her guests as murderers. But in between, the flashbacks vacillate between realism and romance, cold comfort and consolation, and the net result is a sort of *Citizen Kane* slumping into a *Mr Deeds Gets Nowhere*. Not that Mr Gary Cooper, as a fine ageing gentleman driven by his wife to seek Presidency, doesn't play the part adequately: in fact he gives his best performance for many a year. But the part isn't tall enough; business and political interests don't clinch; disappointment and drink are tempered by an affair with youth, which is rejected but not in time to save the film.

The High Cost of Loving (Ritz), with José Ferrer directing and acting, also means rather more than it makes; in this case a stylish comedy of marriage and business misunderstandings. The film starts with a couple getting up and going through its morning clockwork till finally silence is broken at breakfast with one reading an item from the newspaper. Then heart is introduced with a baby unexpectedly promised and the threat of sack at the office; but too many set pieces and tricks of plot have taken the sting out of satire and the tears out of comedy.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

Transatlantic Comedies

MR DONALD OGDEN STEWART created for himself an enthusiastic audience recently with his play *The Kidders;* the sharpness of his wit and the acuteness of his observation made up a pleasantly fresh and astringent mixture. With *Honour Bright* at the Lyric, Hammersmith, I do not say that he has dissipated the enthusiasm, but I'm afraid he has disappointed us. There is a good sprinkling of his dry, sour cracks expertly delivered, as one would expect, by Miss Betty Marsden. But they are incidental jokes which we laugh at in isolation, as we might when flicking over the pages of the *New Yorker* or *Punch*: whereas the excellence of the other play came from the wit being generated within the situation created by the play itself.

Honour Bright is not, in fact, an original play. It is an adaptation from a French comedy. The central situation is that a tough bone-headed New Yorker surprises everyone suddenly by proving himself a brilliant politician and a highly successful prophet on the stock market. He becomes Mayor of New York. The secret is that he has an infant prodigy son who writes his speeches for him and foretells the market.

But the author – the original author presumably – doesn't really develop this central idea, he merely multiplies it. One infant prodigy we might have accepted, but that three others have to be imported in order to get the Mayor into his girl's arms is too much. One of these imported children – but only one and he the least important to the design – a little Israeli combination of Mozart and Keres in infancy, nicely played by Master David Franks, gives us some amusing moments. But these, too, are incidental not integrated. Let us hope Mr Stewart's next play will be all his own.

Much more of a piece is *The Velvet Shotgun* at the Duchess, a most amusing first play by a young Canadian writer, Christopher Taylor. Mr Taylor presents us with a Canadian cousin to the heroine of that amusing novel about the American girl loose in Paris, *The Dud Avocado*. Mr Taylor's Dido Roberts comes from Toronto. She has been in Paris too, but a careless slip there has caused her to dive across the Channel and go underground in a basement flat in SW1, awaiting the fruit of it and planning her future. Dido, as her author and Miss Sally Marshall combine to create her, is a wholly delightful modern creature. She is less scatter-brained than her American cousin: but she has the same sort of rattling, uninhibited line of talk. The comedy consists in the machinations she employs to pick a father from the three young men available. And most diverting both it, and she, are.

T. C. WORSLEY

Correspondence

LEARNING TO LIVE

SIR,—I am somewhat surprised that you should regard the new Labour education document (*Learning to Live*) as 'the most effective and important policy statement which the Labour Party has issued in recent years'.

Personally I find it rather unimaginative. Though obviously very good in parts—the priority it gives to education, more schools, more teachers, ending the 11-plus, comprehensive schools, etc.—it is not, as a whole, a striking contribution to educational thought, as it should be.

More particularly, however, I am frankly amazed by your tolerant acceptance of its proposals on the public schools. This section of the document is one of the most cowardly contributions of any yet put forward during Labour's period of policy re-thinking. It is almost inconceivable that a party dedicated to the concept of greater equality (to say nothing of Socialism) can argue that privilege of any kind will wither away in an acquisitive society, provided you offer 'suitable' alternatives. It is surely ludicrous to imagine that the public schools will die a natural death if the state schools are improved. The public school system symbolises privilege, as the document itself recognises.

Indeed, *Learning to Live* argues most cogently against the whole principle. It admits that the public school system produces a caste which tends to remain a dominant force in society by virtue of having passed through these schools. Few foreigners, even from the most vigorous capitalist countries, can understand why we go on tolerating such an archaic social division in this atomic age.

Yet the Labour Party turns its back on the problem after stating the case for the abolition or the

BORDER INCIDENT

When I was young enough to think that a wine list was an inclination to port (if Mackenzie will pardon the word), I encountered a character in the *oficina de aduanas* at Irún, who was taking a dozen bottles of Amontillado into Spain.

This struck me as being eccentric, for I had heard that in Spain sherry was on tap in every *casa*. Apparently the *carabineros* felt the same way, or else they suspected that the bottles contained a rare and dutiable liquid, such as potable water. Eventually, when the guard of the waiting train protested that its departure could be delayed no longer, the arraigned traveller decided to prove his innocence by opening a bottle.

The effect was remarkable. In no time, hearty *Olás* were being exchanged in the friendliest fashion. Nine bottles later I helped the traveller to carry the guard back to his van, and there we stayed with the remaining three bottles.

It was a memorable journey. That sherry was as noble as a grandee, and according to my host had a pedigree that stretched back nearly a hundred years. But I had to wait until I returned to England before I could find its like again. I should have expected that, for my fellow traveller was an old Spanish customer of Mackenzie's.

MACKENZIE'S *Sherry*

★ **FINO PERLA**
Medium
★ **VINTNERS CHOICE**
Superior Amontillado (Medium Dry)
★ **EL CATADOR**
Very Dry Fino
★ **VINTNERS CREAM**
Rare Old Oloroso (Sweet)

MACKENZIE & COMPANY LTD., 20 EASTCHEAP, LONDON, E.C.3.
TEL: MANSION HOUSE 4777 *and Jerez-de-la-Frontera, Spain*

absorption of the public schools. Why? Is it dishonesty or cowardice?

The argument that 'it would be unconscionable' (your phrase) to make the purchase of private education illegal is totally irrelevant. It is, in fact, a complete red-herring. Obviously this point will be seized with delight by the anti-Labour elements; indeed, this is already happening. But if the leading public schools in the country were brought into the state system is it likely that people in search of freedom from the tyranny of state education would immediately replace the fallen bastions of Eton and Winchester with a completely new set? I find it difficult to believe that the authors of *Learning to Live* seriously believe this.

The fact is that this document is cowardly on the subject of the public schools. But why? Surely it cannot be that the party executive fear an adverse electoral view on the issue. The great majority of people who are potential Labour voters—and many who are not—find the existing public school system socially distasteful and educationally unnecessary.

What to do with them? Personally I would abolish them by taking their physical assets completely within the state system. But if this is going too far too quickly, then why not utilise the excellent physical qualities of the public schools by experimenting with an intermediate layer between secondary education and university? They could, for example, form the basis of a pre-university sifting out system, perhaps as a complement to the sixth-form stream. It would help both the secondary schools and the universities. What is wrong with the state financing education experiments? Or is that to be always the sacred right of free enterprise?

GEOFFREY GOODMAN

138 Hedge Lane, N13

THE MURDER OF IMRE NAGY

SIR,—It is hard to know whether to be more appalled at the brutality and treachery of the Hungarian executions, or dismayed by their political stupidity. It is equally hard to know whether to be revolted more by the cynicism of Kadar and Krushchev, the pious condemnations by the butchers of Kenya and Cyprus, or the crocodile tears of the *Daily Worker*, which professes to share the 'regrets' of others at the executions, and then proceeds to attempt a justification. On the whole, despite the many years in which I worked for the *Daily Worker*, I find it the most revolting because it is, or professes to be, a free agent and a Socialist journal devoted to the exposure of injustice. And it is, on balance, the political stupidity that alarms me most. The brutality and even the treachery do not come as a great surprise, but one had in the last four years come to credit Krushchev with more political sense than this outrage reveals.

Krushchev and Kadar have struck a blow at the international peace movement and the cause of Socialist unity. The only possible inference is that the Soviet and satellite Communist Parties care nothing for democratic and Socialist opinion in the West, have no intention of playing their cards so as to assist the movements against Dulles, Selwyn Lloyd and de Gaulle. They prefer to rely on nuclear weapons in foreign policy and on the silencing of criticism or opposition at home.

All this would be true even if Nagy was guilty of treason. But if he was guilty, so was Kadar. The movement that swept Nagy into the premiership swept Kadar into the party secretaryship. Kadar was a member of Nagy's 'illegal cabinets' (thereby accepting the return of the 'multi-party' system which is one of the crimes laid at Nagy's door), and in his broadcast on the reorganisation of the Workers' Party gave his blessing to the uprising which he credited with sweeping away the Rakosi regime.

MALCOLM MACEWEN

31 Tanza Road
NW3

THE NUCLEAR CAMPAIGN

SIR,—R. Palme Dutt's letter is disingenuous. He cannot deny what Archibald Robertson blurted out and it is the essential point: that the British Communist Party is not in favour of the unilateral renunciation of British manufacture of the hydrogen-bomb.

Those who follow the party's weekly *World News*, which circulates mainly among members, know that its opposition to unilateralism has been put in far harsher terms than Mr Dutt's soothing syrup, so 'helpfully' designed for NEW STATESMAN readers. On 15 March, for instance, Mr George Matthews, assistant editor of the *Daily Worker*, attacked the *Daily Herald*'s support for unilateralism as 'hypocrisy', adding that its arguments were 'in line with those of reactionary elements'. The unilateralists were 'dodging the fight'; their arguments were 'divisive' and 'unrealistic'.

Now Mr Dutt's arithmetic may be correct—but the logic of his argument is to add Britain's five per cent. to Russia's 100 per cent. Russia and Britain would then have 105 per cent. against America's 95 per cent., and King Street would sleep soundly at night. But many of us would not sleep soundly, for scientists tell us that though Russia has stopped her tests—an action for which she deserves full praise—the atmosphere would still be polluted for years to come even if all other tests whatever were to stop tomorrow. The mother of a child dying of leukæmia does not measure her child's suffering in terms of percentages contributed by this country or that. All she knows is that the statesmen have entered into a conspiracy against the human race: its food, its children, its future. The only way to fight these evil weapons is for the people of each country to compel *their* government to end the tests and manufacture. Britain's example could give moral leadership to the world, and if it were backed by a really vigorous campaign in the trade unions, such as many union branches, district committees and trades councils have undertaken, it could help to rouse the organised Labour movement of other countries in the way the West German workers have been roused.

But Mr Dutt will have none of this. To him Russia's bomb is her deterrent. This argument is as false and misleading for Russia as it is for Britain. The bomb is no deterrent, but a boomerang. And any country that has the courage and the foresight to scrap the filthy thing will earn the gratitude of generations to come.

PETER FRYER

15 Barnmead Road
Beckenham

SIR,—Palme Dutt writes: 'the Communist Party is the only political party which from the beginning publicly opposed Britain's manufacturing the H-bomb.... It has consistently maintained this viewpoint.' This is simply not true. When first the question of producing the bomb was under discussion the Communist Party opposed it. But when once the decision had been taken a great silence immediately descended on the party.

In 1956, inside the CP, I went to considerable lengths to urge the case for unilateral nuclear disarmament and at my instigation the South-East Midlands district committee passed a sympathetic resolution—*nem con.* It was curtly rejected by the party leadership. Palme Dutt might like to change his line, and even alter the record of his own political suicide, but it is too late. Marxist initiative in this country has passed out of the hands of King Street.

PETER CADOGAN

5 Acton Way
Cambridge

SIR,—Mr Taylor has rendered yet another service to the cause of nuclear disarmament in presenting your readers with his critical and constructive report on the Campaign. As one who spoke at three of the large meetings, I confirm, from my limited experience, his diagnosis. I add that I am doubtful whether the marches and lobbies do much to advance the cause. They have not been on a sufficiently massive scale to impress the unconverted and these demonstrations are always exploited by persons who, however sincere they may be, are regarded by the electors we must convince as cranks or worse.

If we wish to get results we must obtain the backing of MPs and not only those of the left. This is a non-party political issue. Indeed all the political parties are officially on the wrong side of the thought barrier in defence thinking. The policy advocated by those who support the Campaign is morally correct, but I believe that it is more politically rewarding to emphasise that it is the correct strategy from the point of view of a non-moral defence problem, and should be supported by non-pacifists. Nuclear energy has created a defence problem which is not relatively new, but absolutely new and requires absolutely new measures for its solution.

Most people still think of this Campaign as being an effort by pacifists and left-wing politicians. You published a letter from Mr Palme Dutt asserting that the 'main enemy' are 'the advocates of nuclear strategy'. I entirely disagree. I regard the 'main enemy' as Mr Krushchev and Co. and 'the advocates of nuclear strategy' as well-meaning and worried people in need of patient and courteous education calculated to bring them up to date in their thinking about defence. It is because I believe that the renunciation by Britain of nuclear energy for military purposes, preferably with like-minded nations, but if necessary unilaterally, is the most effective, intelligent, as well as economic, method of frustrating the designs of the Communist leaders that I support this policy.

STEPHEN KING-HALL

162 Buckingham Palace Road
SW1

SIR,—If Mr Taylor had been knocking on the doors of the public for the last few months, he would have found the following.

1. It has been increasingly difficult to get support for the Campaign since Aldermaston.

2. Those who give support are largely the minority moved by pacifist or moral considerations.

3. The majority are unmoved by moral appeals. They believe nuclear weapons to be a protection against Soviet domination.

4. They will not support a movement which would remove this 'protection' without substituting some-

Campaign for NUCLEAR DISARMAMENT

PUBLIC MEETINGS

WOKING

Christ Church Hall 30th June 8 p.m.
NIGEL CALDER
KINGSLEY MARTIN

ALFRETON

Arts Centre 2nd July 7 p.m.
JACK LONGMAN
Dr. DAVID REES

MIDDLESBROUGH

St. Mary's Hall 2nd July 7.30 p.m.
CLIVE JENKINS
MERVYN JONES

Tickets and details from:
146 FLEET STREET, E.C.4 TEL.: FLE 4175

thing in its place. They fear the Russians more than the Bomb.

Mr Taylor recognises all is not well with the Campaign, but advocates as the cure that we more rigorously pursue the policy which is the obvious cause of its sickness. We are, he says, to concentrate on moral appeal. Will the spread of nuclear weapons wait on the moral conversion of the British nation? Some of us doubt it.

If we are to achieve our aim we must have a policy which has some political reality, e.g.

1. The initiation by Britain of an agreement between all nations (excluding the USA and USSR) to stop nuclear weapon research and production.
2. Britain, in addition, to destroy her own stocks.
3. The development of a scheme of international inspection to this end.

This would give the British people the feeling they were getting something for their 'sacrifice.' It would have the immediate support of the Afro-Asian and European peoples. It might even have the tacit support of the two giants who must secretly fear the imminent nuclear spread. Britain cannot unilaterally escape from a nuclear world. There is no place to go. We must all live together or die together.

M. J. HERON

St Marylebone Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament
167 Gloucester Place, NW1

SIR,—In your last issue Mr A. J. P. Taylor quoted Mr Strachey as having written 'It is the other people's bombs, not our own, which would destroy us', and he then goes on to say 'Apparently it does not worry him that we are planning to destroy millions of other people, equally innocent or perhaps—like the ten million Indians who may be poisoned by American bombs dropped in Siberia—more innocent.'

The section quoted from Mr Strachey is of course no evidence at all for believing that he holds the fantastic view here attributed to him. Nor on general grounds is it likely that he holds it. Nor is it even likely that Mr Taylor believes that he holds it. Why, then, does Mr Taylor write, and the NEW STATESMAN publish absurdities like this, which defame honest men, arouse prejudice and passion, and by their example encourage indifference to the truth?

RICHARD WOLLHEIM

26 Pelham Crescent, SW7

SCHOOLS LEFT

SIR,—The London Schools Left Club was formed after the Aldermaston March, when it was seen that a non-sectarian youth organisation of a radical nature was called for by the large numbers of school students who went on the march. We have had a greater response than originally anticipated, and we feel that we need an organ through which to express ourselves. Accordingly, it is proposed to produce a magazine three times a year, the first issue to be out by the end of September. May we take the liberty of asking, through your columns, for interested potential contributors and sales representatives?

LAURENCE ORBACH
JOHN LESIRGE

London Schools Left Club
7 Carlisle Street, W1

TURKS IN CYPRUS

SIR,—Whatever the fate of the new Tory plan for Cyprus, I think it is important that the extravagant Turkish claims made recently (Mr Menderes: 'Half Cyprus is Turkish and will remain Turkish') should be seen in their proper light. Apart from the fact that the Turkish minority—85,000 Turks against 428,000 Greeks—is inextricably mixed with the Hellenic population and that partition is a physical impossibility, official figures show that on a land and property basis the Turks of Cyprus do not own even one-fifth of the island.

Whether in farming—which employs nearly half of the population—or in commerce, the figures tell the same tale and demonstrate the lunacy of partition. Of a total of 3,260,000 acres of cultivated land, the Turks possess 13 per cent.; the value of this proportion does not exceed 7 per cent. of the total value of the land in Cyprus, if there be taken into account the land and building sites in the towns.

In livestock, including poultry, the total of 1,454,402 gives the Turkish community a share of ten per cent. Of a total of 10 million fruit-bearing trees, the Turks have 7 per cent. In fact, as based on any available figures, the Turkish contribution to the entire rural economy of the island does not, on average, exceed 9 per cent. Excluding Lefka, which has a Turkish majority, 90 per cent. of the goods produced for export come from localities in which 90 per cent. of the inhabitants are Greeks.

The position in industry and the professions shows the same Greek predominance. For example, out of 1,165 industrial enterprises employing five persons or over, only seven firms, with a total personnel of 80, are owned by Turks. So much for the substance of the claim by the Turkish President, Mr Bayar, that 'Cyprus is our property!'

THOMAS ANTHEM

18 Thomas Lane
Liverpool, 14

RELIGION IN THE SCHOOLS

SIR,—I was interested in the concern shown about the very odd kind of religious instruction which some children seem to be receiving. Mrs Lockhart seems to have discovered something really antediluvian; certainly no teaching like that (making due allowance for childish mishearings and the like) would ever be given in any Free Church Primary Department. Of course, in teaching, due allowance has to be made for the child's stage of development and one does not use the creating myths of Genesis in teaching children who are not yet capable of distinguishing clearly between fact and fiction. Such stories have their place more usefully with the over-11-year-olds, who can distinguish between God and men's ideas about Him. The usual reaction, for instance, of the 12-year-old to the story of the drowning of the Egyptians is to be sorry for the Egyptians!

I am in complete agreement with Mr Clarke; I have, as both Sunday School teacher and Boys' Club leader, seen too much of the sort of thing he mentions. It is, however, important to note that the British Lessons Council courses used in practically all Free Church Sunday Schools in this country and the lesson notes based on them published by the National Sunday School Union (Graded Teachers series) and the Religious Education Press (Concise Guides) do meet the objections which correspondents have raised. Unfortunately we do have to struggle with the eternal problems of money, premises and staff.

I could go on to detail a number of very peculiar ideas which adolescents have imagined to be *de fide* but these have been children who have either had very little religious instruction at all or else have been to the same school as Mrs Lockhart's daughter!

KENNETH R. MATTHEWS

Free Church Boys' Club
Front St
Tynemouth

COINCIDENCES

SIR,—Ralph Partridge, in your issue of 14 June, says that the reader of Nicholas Blake's *A Penknife in My Heart* might have been struck by a sense of *déjà vu*, if he had read, eight years ago, Miss Highsmith's *Strangers on a Train*. Eight years ago, also, he might have been similarly struck. For if anyone can still find a copy of *Counterpoint Murder*, by G. D. H. and M. Cole, published in 1940, he will find there the same swapping of corpses which Mr Partridge praises. I thought, at the time of writing the book, that the idea was original; but maybe it was floating in the air. However, I am glad to know that Mr Partridge thinks it was a good one.

MARGARET COLE

107 Oakwood Court
Abbotsbury Road, W14

An unusual appeal

Support needed for a Quaker School in Salonika.

A chance for a practical expression of goodwill.

MOST appeals are for funds to relieve pain, disease and poverty. Our appeal is for a total of £24,000 to *keep going* a school established by us in 1945 in Northern Greece. This school takes 40 healthy, intelligent young Greek girls, and gives them a two-year training course in running a home, looking after babies, tending the land.

Life is still a struggle for most peasant families in Northern Greece. The Quaker school's purpose is to help the Greek housewife of tomorrow to do her best with the resources available; to put into practice in her own village home the skills she learns at the school.

The school still occupies the old German huts taken over in 1945. They were dilapidated in 1945; today they are beyond repair, and would never stand up to another winter's gales and rains. We ask you to help us to build a new school on the old site. Please send whatever you can afford to: *F.S.C. Greek School*, St. Martin-in-the-Fields Vicarage (4), 5 St. Martin's Place, London, W.C.2.

BOOKS IN GENERAL

The Doge of Dover

THE mainstream of Churchilliana continues in full spate. Just as millions of men and women, starved of romance and glitter in their own lives, satisfy their cravings, hour in, hour out, with the doings of the Royal Family, so thousands of their fellow-countrymen, equally romantic but with a meatier palate, feed their imaginations on Sir Winston's herculean past. At first sight the Winstonian legend seems an ideal refuge for the Tory pessimist. Agreed that our position in the world is waning, that we have scraped through a succession of unholy messes, that the nation's brains are enfeebled by taxation and that the surplus-cash structure on which our arts and general civilisation rest is crumbling away. Agreed that the majority of the British people have never found politics and politicians – not to speak of Parliament itself – so dull, so trivial and so threadbare as they do today. (That amusing and venomous young Poujadist, Mr Bernard Levin, could only get away with his long knives at a time of general apathy like the present. He would never have pleased in an age when, as Sir Winston remarks in his autobiography*, working men, whether they had the vote or not, followed politics like a sport and all classes 'took as much interest in national affairs and were as good judges of form in public men as is now the case with football or cricket'.) Agreed that we are all going to the dogs as rapidly as possible, Sir Winston is still here to remind us of our imperial past. As a youth he watched Gladstone wind up the second reading of the Home Rule Bill; as a young man, he sat at table with Lord Salisbury, hunted Pathans with Sir Bindon Blood on the Frontier and loosed his Mauser on the scurrying Fuzzy-wuzzies. Something more than a man of destiny, he is a whole Primrose League cyclorama in himself.

One of the many incidental merits of the second instalment of Dr Rowse's chronicle of the Churchill family† is his realisation that Sir Winston in his present state of quasi-apotheosis is no longer the property or the prisoner of the Conservative Party:

> . . . We may say that from this time [after his stroke and return to public life in 1953] the Opposition took him to their hearts – as in the great years, 1940-1945 – only with a few leading Chamberlainites has the rancour remained. Labour had forgiven him everything; they nothing. But he was a figure now above the storm, above party . . . .

Dr Rowse's narrative covers the Spencer-Churchill family fortunes from the death of the great Duke down to our own day. It is lively, extremely readable, full of character and incident, and it contains a succession of glimpses of little-known individuals and of the attendant great – Lord Robert Spencer, Fox's engaging friend, poor Dr Nares, snubbed at Blenheim and reviewed by Macaulay, George III, pathetic – and for the first time in his life, popular! – in his madness. Dr Rowse is a strangely uneven writer. He has a fine sense of occasion – almost, the reader sometimes feels, too much of one. His general tone is that of a Band of Hope that has somehow been coaxed into playing 'Pomp and Circumstance'. He is often gushing and unnatural. Disharmonies abound: for example, after a particularly agreeable stretch of narration, one is brought up short on page 161 where, discussing Regency society, Dr Rowse tells us that 'a fine old time was had by (almost) all'. Some of his judgments sound oddly in the mouth of such a good historian. What, for instance are we to make of his comment on the 1945 election? ('What the country needed at this juncture was the continuance of the Churchill government, with a larger Labour wing.') But the main criticism is a basically structural one. Dr Rowse's book contains 520 pages, 280 of which are devoted to Sir Winston's lively but unillustrious forebears and the remainder to Lord Randolph and Sir Winston himself. This inevitably creates a lopsided effect. The writer would have done better to have expanded the second half of his family diptych and left his culminating hero to a separate volume. Despite his snobbish enthrallment with noble families, one hopes that Dr Rowse will now take leave of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, in which he is temperamentally a fish out of water, and regain that Elizabeth river-bed in which he, Sir John Neale and Professor Trevor-Roper have splashed so effectively hitherto.

Sir Winston is all nature and one never comes to the end of him. For those who enjoy the spectacle of this great man ungartered and at close quarters, I recommend an unusual and strangely neglected book that appeared last month and seems to have dropped almost unnoticed on to the bookstalls‡. Its author, Mr Norman McGowan, is a young man in his early thirties. He was demobbed from the Navy in 1946 and through family connections on the Knowsley estate, went into service in Lord Derby's household. When Sir Winston's man fell downstairs and injured his leg 'it was provisionally suggested that I should be trained by him with a view to taking over the job'. Mr McGowan's account of the three and a half years he spent looking after Sir Winston is written modestly and without embellishment. It has an Aubreyesque exactness and is couched in far better taste than the saddle-soaped memoirs of those generals who, to judge by their diaries, were fighting gallantly for their modicum of sleep while Sir Winston was winning the war.

Mr McGowan gives us the buoyant rhythm of his master's life. In his second chapter ('The Daily Round') he sketches Sir Winston's peculiar and enviable routine:

> . . . he was more often than not still asleep when I entered his bedroom. I would never postpone it later than 8.30 a.m. I would shake him gently. Then I would stand back and wait. I knew his mood from that moment. As he sipped his orange juice which I immediately handed to him he would look out of the window. After a moment or two he would go to the window in his dressing gown and if it was raining or cloudy he would curse the weather for several moments while I remade his bed.
>
> Before he returned from the window, I had to place two pillows on the bed for his back – and then two large sponges for his elbows . . . .
>
> Breakfast was usually finished not long after 9 a.m. and then the day's work began. My Guv'nor stayed in bed right up to lunchtime, but the fact that he was resting his body did not mean that his brain was inactive. In fact, the morning was the period when he got through the major part – and a phenomenal amount – of work.

After breakfast came an hour and a half of the newspapers ('*The Times* and *Daily Telegraph* have first priority . . . he used to glance at the *Daily Worker* along with the others') all marked with red and blue ball-pens, followed by dictation and a long dawdle in the bathroom.

> As soon as he got into the bath he would start muttering. At first I used to think he was talking to me.
>
> I said: 'Do you want me?'
>
> 'I wasn't talking to you, Norman,' he replied. 'I was addressing the House of Commons.'
>
> He sometimes called one of the secretaries to the bathroom door if he thought up a particular point he wanted to have noted down, or he would suddenly jump out of the bath and rush to the bedroom telephone to make an important call . . .
>
> 1 p.m. – time to get the Guv'nor out of his bath. It was almost as difficult as getting him out of bed. Long after he had finished washing he would wallow in the water, turning the taps on and off with his toes. Often Mrs Churchill would hammer on the bathroom door and shout: 'Norman, please do something about Mr Churchill. The guests are waiting'.

And so it goes on. On the daily physical plane of Sir Winston's life Mr McGowan's account leaves very little out. His clothes, his diet, siestas, smoking habits, his preference in champagnes, his dogged unpunctuality – the whole domestic pattern is there. One chapter (to my mind the most interesting in the book) deals with Sir Winston's extraordinary passion for animals of all kinds – his tabby cat Mickey, his poodles and black swans, the rabbits at Chartwell, the goats that he befriended at Marrakesh.

> . . . he was crazy about his fish. He made a point of going to the fish-ponds every day when we were at Chartwell to feed them with maggots which were specially brought from Yorkshire. It was uncanny to watch him. He would walk to the side of the pond and shout 'Yoick, yoick'. The fish would gather in front of him and take the maggots from his hands.

Life lived alongside Churchill the animal-lover was an arduous business:

> Tropical fish fascinated Mr Churchill nearly as much as his lovely Golden Orfe. It was a fascination which almost proved fatal. He kept these tiny bright, darting little fish in tanks around his study. He had a habit of calling me back after I had seen him into bed in the early hours of the morning.
>
> 'Norman, I forgot to feed the little fish,' he would say.

---

* *My Early Life*. By WINSTON S. CHURCHILL. *Odhams*. 15s.

† *The Later Churchills*. By A. L. ROWSE. *Macmillan*. 35s.

‡ *My Years with Churchill*. By NORMAN MCGOWAN. *Souvenir Press*. 16s.

He would get up, and spend half an hour feeding them. Then I would have to see him into bed again. I think that he must have known that I did not share his love for little fish at three o'clock in the morning, because he decided once to feed them on his own. As he did so he dropped the lid of one of the tanks into the water. It smashed the immersion heater used to keep the water at the right temperature. He put his hand in to get the lid – and got a terrific shock. It was lucky it was not fatal.

Mr McGowan supposes that his master's affection for animals 'accounted for the rather odd nicknames that the family used in the intimacy of their home':

> I have often seen Mr Churchill lean across the dining-table, affectionately squeeze Mrs Churchill's hand and purr: 'Dear Cat!'
>
> She made her rather odd reply: 'Dear Pig' sounded like an affectionate caress. It was a family joke to call to each other with affectionate noises which only they understood and recognised.
>
> Often when Mrs Churchill arrived at Chartwell from a visit to London she would stand in the front hall shouting, 'Wow! Wow!'
>
> She would wait for a few seconds. Then Mr Churchill would bellow back 'Wow! Wow!'
>
> It was a strange custom, but we all got used to it. . . .

One seldom questions the good taste of Mr McGowan's revelations. This, I think, is because Sir Winston's life has been lived so overtly and at such a histrionic pace that there is little sense of intruding on his domestic privacies. Humdrum as it is, this account of Churchill at home casts a spell by reason of its subject's inexhaustible personality. To put it another way, Sir Winston's life is absorbing down to its smallest detail not only because he is the greatest Englishman of our time but because his is the story of a Walter Mitty who really *did* the kind of things that Mitty only dreamed of doing. A freeman of some thirty-six cities (they include Athens, Marathon, Thebes and Naupactus), the possessor of countless orders, decorations and degrees, there is hardly a title in the world's repertory that would come strangely to Sir Winston. One feels that the foreign reporter who, in his warm-hearted excitement, translated the Lord Wardenship of the Cinque Ports as The Doge of Dover, only erred by anticipation!

JOHN RAYMOND

Attic Shepherd

Among the porcelain of my childhood dream
A tip-toe figure crook in hand curves on
Quickly as silver through the window-frame
Of odes and fables, elegantly gone.

To satisfy a shepherdess's whim
Through all the hoops and farthingales of passion.
How I envied him, able to print those prim
And proper lips in true bucolic fashion.

Now the sweet sour smell of sweated leather
And clothes hanging heavy as a wet fleece
On the patched cob walls in the scrawny heather

Shape me a shepherd ragged at the knees
Bones crying out from the frost-bitten weather
With a dried-up past, no present, and no peace.

RONALD BOTTRALL

The Problem

The Deep South Says Never. By JOHN BARTLOW MARTIN. *Gollancz.* 16*s.*

Anyone who makes the journey across the South from Mississippi to South Carolina must shed a great many illusions on the way. The first to go is the belief that, given firm leadership by the President and resolution on the part of the courts, the South can be induced gradually to accept desegregation in the schools – and all that inevitably follows. The five states that form the hard core of resistance are going to fight every inch of the way, and in the process they are going to inflict serious damage upon American democracy in general and themselves in particular. Mr Martin, making almost the same journey in 1957 as I made in 1956, comes to exactly the same conclusion: it is folly to underestimate either the intention or the capacity of the South to resist.

So much has now been written about 'the Problem' that one hesitates to commend yet another book. But an exception must be made for Mr Martin's report, precisely because it is a factual, honest and revealing report rather than an abstract discussion of law or sociology. I know nothing which so exactly describes the situation in the Deep South, or conveys so convincingly its tragic determination to protect its peculiar social system. Mr Martin has interviewed the men who lead the resistance – Robert Patterson of Mississippi, who started the Citizens' Councils, which now claim over half a million members; Emory Rogers of South Carolina; Ace Carter of Alabama, one of the men who have sparked off the revival of the Klan; governors, attorney-generals, senators and newspaper editors. And from these profiles, as well as from his brilliant portraits of such communities as Summerton in South Carolina or Henderson, Kentucky, the English reader can get for the first time a real insight into the resistance movement that is now in effective, if unofficial, control of the South.

Mr Martin concludes on a note of despair. He points out that racialism (including anti-Semitism) is on the increase; that moderate opinion is being silenced, free speech abridged; that churches, trade unions and professional organisations are being torn apart by the refusal of their members in the South to follow national anti-segregation policies. He sees that, despite honourable exceptions, the politicans are hopelessly at the mercy of the extremists. And he realises that the Deep South is willing to pay almost any price to delay, and if possible to reject, the decisions of the federal courts. It is true, of course, that a solution could be imposed on the recalcitrant states by a combination of federal authority and what would amount to an economic blockade. But there is no evidence that Washington would go to such extremes, and if it is not prepared to precipitate a crisis on such a scale the resistance of the South – illegal though it may be – can be indefinitely prolonged. It has, indeed, just won a notable victory at Little Rock. By resistance the mob has induced Judge Lemley to suspend the one effort at integration which had the full authority of the Federal government behind it. If the troops cannot keep Negro children in school, who can? If Little Rock can reimpose segregation, why should Jackson, Mississippi or Atlanta or any other town in the Deep South ever give it up?

This is the reality that must be set against the more hopeful developments in recent years – the original decision of the Supreme Court, the genuine and successful efforts to obey that decision in some of the border states, the changing

HOGARTH PRESS

VIRGINIA WOOLF

Granite and Rainbow

Edwin Muir
'One of the finest critics of our time'

Cyril Connolly
'An example to the weary professionals of our day'

Siriol Hugh-Jones
'These essays are as clear and luminous as a glass of cold water in bright sunlight . . . a delightfully rewarding book' *18s net*

BOOK SOCIETY RECOMMENDATION

BRÉE and GUITON

An Age of Fiction

THE FRENCH NOVEL FROM GIDE TO CAMUS

25s net

HARLING

The Endless Colonnade

Julian Symons
'Opens brilliantly . . . beautifully handled . . . the background of Padua and Venice has the right kind of cultural and gastronomic glamour'

Daily Express
'Excellent, well-paced intellectual thriller . . . beautifully convincing'

By the author of
The Enormous Shadow

15s net

DAVEY

The Naked Villany

John Davenport
'A polished piece of entertaining nonsense . . . beautifully written'

Daniel George
'A high-class thriller . . . real distinction'

News Chronicle
'First-rate specimen of the detective novel . . . up-to-date, gay'

BOOK SOCIETY RECOMMENDATION

15s net

CHATTO & WINDUS

economic pattern of the South that may slowly raise the status of the Negro. The question that one is bound to ask is simple: Was this the unavoidable result? Perhaps it was. But Mr Martin makes two points that I believe are true. First, it was a tragedy that the main battle about Negro rights had to be fought on the field of education: this strikes at the most sensitive point of the South – the mixing of class, colour and sex in the schools. If the Negroes had been able to win the right to vote, and had continued to make headway in such matters as public transportation, parks, and similar social amenities, it might have been easier to win the battle of the schools at a later date. As things are, it is going to be immensely harder to get Negroes registered and voting in the Deep South, though that has now become the main objective. Secondly, if the courts and the administration had acted quickly and decisively after the original Supreme Court decision, it is possible that a deep wedge could have been driven into Dixie. Many people told Mr Martin, as I too have been told, that the shock of that decision was so great that there was no immediate resistance. It took more than a year for the opposition to mobilise, but once mobilisation began the opportunity was lost – at least for a generation and perhaps even longer.

It is no use speculating now about what might have been. The unpleasant fact is that this crisis is now built into American politics as deeply as the Algerian crisis has been built into French politics. And, in my view, it is likely to get worse rather than better, corrupting and distorting the whole society because, like Algeria, there is a deep conflict between what is obviously sensible for the nation as a whole and what will be accepted by those who wield power in one part of it.

NORMAN MACKENZIE

Roger Peyrefitte

SPECIAL FRIENDSHIPS

" . . . among the few really good recent novels."
—ANGUS WILSON, *Observer*.

" . . . this novel is really a superbly delineated picture of Romantic Love with all the trappings."
—*Daily Telegraph*.

" The youthful sorrow of this book is truly moving because M. Peyrefitte is an artist."—*Time and Tide*.

Book Soc. Rec. 18*s*.

A Flame in My Heart

JOHN PETTY

The two leading Sunday newspapers concentrated on the admitted flaws in this strange violent novel of the tragedy of a simple man's surrender to his passions. But we agree with the *Evening Standard* that this is " a strange smouldering bonfire of a book which handles primitive emotions with simple dignity." 15*s*.

Zenobia

ANGUS HERIOT

" The story of Zenobia's meteoric rise to power and catastrophic defeat at Aurelian's hands loses nothing in the telling."—PETER GREEN, *Daily Telegraph*.

" The complicated story makes an exciting tale of adventure."—*Times Literary Supplement*. 16*s*.

Secker & Warburg

Facts and Flytings

The Scottish Tradition in Literature. By KURT WITTIG. *Oliver & Boyd.* 30*s*.

Scottish literature has seldom been written about except by Scotsmen, and as though it concerned only Scotland: a local interest. Herr Kurt Wittig is a German; he has studied his subject closely and with unusual concentration and, coming to it from outside, he is able to see freshly what has often been carelessly taken for granted. He approaches it systematically, as an object in itself of interest. He has made himself acquainted with Scottish Gaelic poetry, and I fancy that has not been attempted in any other book on the same subject. In this way he establishes a relationship between the two Scottish literatures and gives a fuller meaning to the Scottish tradition. It is generally thought that there is a vast difference between the poetry of the Highlands and the Lowlands. Herr Wittig brings out their similarities, which are striking, and exemplified not only in such things as the resemblances between the metrical forms of Highland and Lowland poetry, but in a realistic imagination, a particularised rendering of the factual, which is common to both. He adduces also a less important, but characteristic common trait, the custom of flyting which has persisted for hundreds of years.

Scottish poetry is very unlike English poetry, yet to define the qualities which distinguish them from each other is a difficult matter. Herr Wittig shows an intimate understanding of Scottish poetry, but here he is less satisfactory; his distinctions are too sharp. He finds in Scottish poetry as compared with English 'a stronger feeling for colour . . . imagery sharper and more detailed . . . greater metrical complexity . . . keener interest in nature, especially in its wilder aspects . . . the spirit of clannishness . . . flyting and extravaganza'. And these qualities, he adds, are still more marked in Scottish Gaelic poetry, along with 'a stronger folk element . . . a more "democratic" spirit . ."more simplicity and straightforward diction" . . . and (in its understatements) greater restraint – if not grimness – in expressing tender feeling'. These distinctions resemble too much a catalogue to be quite convincing, yet they do tell us something about Scottish poetry. Where they fall down is in implying that these qualities are to be found in Scottish poetry, and nowhere else. One has only to read to know that English poetry shows a strong feeling for colour, great metrical complexity, and a keen interest in nature, and that it displays a tact and restraint in expressing tender feeling greater than can be found in Scottish poetry. The differences between the two poetries lie deeper than a catalogue.

Yet Herr Wittig sees Scottish poetry very clearly, sees for the first time what has been seen so often that the impression has faded to a blur, and sees also now and then what has not been seen before. He traces already in Barbour the Scottish conviction that there is no getting round facts. He notes that Barbour occasionally 'stresses that he has his knowledge from an eyewitness, gives the name of his informant, states expressly that he does not know a name or detail, reports two different versions, or presents something as a rumour the truth of which he cannot check'. And then Wittig aptly quotes Dr James Ritchie on the Scottish scientist:

> The genius of Scottish science bears a characteristic stamp – it is a faculty for minute detailed observation, for accuracy in small things.

There Herr Wittig throws light both on the Scottish tradition and the Scottish character, simply from observing a fourteenth-century Scottish poet.

He makes more surprising, but very interesting, deduction from Barbour's religious attitude, relying again on close observation:

> He has a profound faith in God, yet owhere does he refer to the Church as a mediator, mention its rituals, invoke its saints, or himself employ its symbolism, its dogmas. A century and a half before the Reformation, he converses with God face to face. . . . No wonder that the Scottish people were later to find the spirit of the Reformation so congenial.

This shows how deeply Herr Wittig has gone into Barbour's mind, yet whether he is right in thinking that Scotland was already reformed before it knew that the Reformation was to come, is hard to say. However, he supports his case with ancient Gaelic proverbs which embody somewhat the same conception:

> God, just and almighty, is the ruler of Destiny, but Christ is little mentioned, and no *specifically* Christian ideas are expressed.

It seems a position half-way to Predestination, but not yet in sight of Calvin.

Herr Wittig impresses one as understanding the early Scottish poets, particularly Barbour, Henryson and Dunbar, more intimately than they have been understood before. On Burns and Scott there is little new that he can say. On living Scottish writers he is uncertain. He writes excellently on Hugh MacDiarmid and Sydney Goodsir Smith, but Norman MacCaig, who is a fine poet, has to share a single sentence with eight other names. The treatment of Eric Linklater and Neil Gunn is intelligent. But what makes the book remarkable is its grasp of the potencies as well as of the performance of the writers it deals with, particularly the earlier ones. It is probably the best book that has yet been written on Scottish literature.

EDWIN MUIR

What Went Wrong?

Some Memories. By LORD PERCY OF NEWCASTLE. *Eyre & Spottiswoode.* 21*s*.

Many of the best books on politics have been written by those who are wondering why they have failed in politics. Lord Eustace Percy knew very well that he had largely failed in his ambitions both as a Minister and as a theoretician of the Conservative Party. This strikingly truthful, magnanimous, wistful story of unsuccess was written in his retirement. An uncontrived distinction of manner, a baffled reflectiveness, set it apart from the ordinary run of political memoirs.

Lord Eustace reveals himself as a public man who, starting from a remote base of private conviction, never quite reached the firing-line where the real political issues are decided. He always found himself grasping a distinguished shadow; the coarse substance of political realities eluded him. It is plain from this book that he was an unpolitical man. He has none of that fascinated interest in motive, in the springs of action and accidents of temperament, that has always been the intellectual pleasure of politics and that is a consolation when everything else becomes stale and unprofitable. Austen Chamberlain, Neville Chamberlain, Baldwin, Lord Lloyd, Stimson, Hoover, Sir Winston Churchill come into the story as accepting or obstructing his plans for

Conservative England. But he seems never to have studied these men carefully as malleable instruments for his own purposes.

The real interest of his book is that he does try to answer honestly the unavoidable question—'What went wrong in the wasted years after 1918? Why did we fail?' Beginning with 'The Old Order' before 1914, and the tradition of confident government into which he was born, he traces a decline in the tone and spirit of government, an increasing nervelessness, the disappearance of the ruling-class virtues. In a chapter entitled 'Retrospect 1921-37', he writes: 'Gusto was what we lacked: the best of us were a low-spirited lot: and our low spirits sapped our capacity for the best kind of political leadership'. Undeceived in this, he was at all times deceived by Stanley Baldwin, his political patron and the central figure of these memoirs. He followed him faithfully, for Baldwin seemed to be restoring the 'tone' of government in Britain after the political bohemianism of Lloyd George's last years of power. He mistook a calculated tone for an intention. The Worcestershire gentleman was only a shrewd impersonation of Percy's own idea of national government as an extension of benevolent local government. Like the speculative builders of the pseudo-Georgian mansions of that time, Baldwin occasionally needed the surface of an older Conservative virtue and had a use for Lord Eustace Percy as a philosophical facade. He gave him almost nothing in return and the hard calculation of a political speculator is not noticed in these pages. It has to be read between the lines. As Minister of Education Percy irritated Neville Chamberlain by his appeals for money for the Special Areas, and with Neville Chamberlain the distinguished facade was finally dropped.

Throughout his life, and particularly as a progressive Minister of Education, Percy was quietly following his own principles of Tory benevolence, often with solid practical results. But in spite of his services to Anglo-American relations before and after the war, he never became Ambassador in Washington, as he had hoped. 'I sank back,' he truthfully writes, 'into a kind of benevolent slumming.' In retrospect he sees that 'the figures of Roosevelt and Churchill will be long remembered as dominating their times, simply because they were, so to speak, happy men of action. And that we of Baldwin's clan were not'. He searches for the true causes of his deception, of his mistake about the nature of political action, but he does not, I think, find them.

It had been possible to believe, as the sentimental basis of a Tory philosophy, that national government is only an extension of English local government, and that the essential virtues of the one are the essential virtues of the other: Christian benevolence, a just balancing of interests, accuracy in administration, respect for continuity and habit, and a tone of impartiality. These were the real Conservative virtues that Lord Eustace Percy plainly possessed and that Baldwin successfully advertised. But if in 1917 we entered a period of permanent revolution, these virtues were, from then on, insufficient as the foundation of Conservative principles. Surrounded by revolutions that would certainly spread across the world, even Conservatives had to think of government as the gradual transformation of society to meet a challenge. Frightening as it may be, the time for the 'happy men of action' had come and the older Conservatism was dead. Politics could no longer be thought of as only a form of public service.

There are many incidental pleasures, some of them grim pleasures, in this impressive and unpretending book: for instance, Sir Winston Churchill, as Chancellor, hating to spend money on education, which he splendidly saw as 'village schools with a few half-naked children rolling in the dust': a George Morland vision of England.

STUART HAMPSHIRE

James on Paris

Parisian Sketches. By HENRY JAMES. *Hart-Davis.* 25*s.*

'The literary remains of Sainte-Beuve are being brought to light with merciless energy,' Henry James wrote from Paris in 1876, and he went on to wonder 'if this posthumous rummaging is ever justifiable'. He himself has become the object of the same activity, which is now so meticulously carried out, in the New World and the Old, that the word 'rummaging' is quite inappropriate. Egyptian embalmers did not proceed with more care than the present race of literary archæologists. Mr Leon Edel and Dr Ilse Dusoir Lind have exhumed twenty 'Paris Letters' James contributed to the *New York Tribune* in 1875-76 and have published them with an introduction and notes, including all the correspondence that James exchanged with the editors of the paper. It would be wrong to say that the resulting book is of enormous interest, but it contains many excellent pages and has a certain quiet fascination for anyone curious about James or Paris. It is not a long book, because James's contribution came to a sudden end when he asked for thirty dollars a letter instead of twenty. The editor replied that he had been about to suggest less frequent, shorter and 'more newsy' contributions. James at once resigned in disgust, thus providing the subject of an article by Dr Ilse Dusoir Lind in the *PMLA* of December 1951, under the excellent title of 'The Inadequate Vulgarity of Henry James'. Professor Lind, I think, uses the phrase with academic irony; perhaps it could be given a different application.

James said that the letters were 'impudently lightweighted' and the worst he could provide for the money, but there is no internal evidence to suggest that he was writing down to the newspaper audience. His style flows with its usual sureness and abundance. The 33-year-old author judges Paris and the French with remarkable self-confidence. It is interesting to see how sharp his verdicts are, considering that he was a professionally 'civilised' writer visiting a recognised centre of civilisation. He has none of the weaknesses of the sentimental Francophile. He writes, for instance, in connection with one of Victor Hugo's patriotic utterances—

> Whether or not as a nation the French are more conceited than their neighbours is a question that may be left undecided; a very good case on this charge might be made out against every nation. But certainly France occasionally produces individuals who express the national conceit with a transcendent fatuity which is not elsewhere to be matched.

French light opera and the average French theatrical performance aroused his amused irritation. He utters an exasperated aside about

> the familiar gyrations of that terribly tough and lean old performer, *l'esprit parisien.*

He demolishes some of the famous figures of the day. There is 'something grotesque' in the presence of Dumas *fils* in the Academy and, as for Jules Janin, he

> ended very early by having nothing in life to say, and the rattle and clatter he made in saying it was

New Horizon Books

THE CONCISE ENCYCLOPÆDIA OF
MUSIC AND MUSICIANS [50s.]

Edited by MARTIN COOPER

'a work of remarkable consistency and readability'
THE TIMES EDUCATIONAL SUPPLEMENT
'extraordinarily all-embracing'
SIR ADRIAN BOULT
'splendid'— DAILY TELEGRAPH

SEPTEMBER 1
The Concise Encyclopædia of World History [50s.]

Jane Gaskell
KING'S DAUGHTER
'a name to remember'
THE TIMES LITERARY SUPPLEMENT
'this remarkable girl's talent'
PENELOPE MORTIMER, *Sunday Times*

SEAN O'HANLON'S
Gather No Moss
'the pace is fast, the dialogue often witty, and the invention always so'
THE TIMES LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

Prix Femina Award
Book Society Recommendation
The Aliens
FRANÇOIS-RÉGIS BASTIDE

Just published
W. Heisenberg
THE PHYSICIST'S CONCEPTION OF NATURE [16s.]
'he must be placed in rank up among such men as Einstein' — THE SPECTATOR

Hutchinson

to all healthy intellectual men the most intolerable noise conceivable.

It is true that he does not limit his strictures to the French. When English tourists appear in the spring, he attacks them almost viciously:

> I am sure M. Taine, for instance, never meets of an evening a flannel-shirted, pea-jacketed, soft-hatted son of Albion, followed by his robust feminine shadow, all blonde chignon and linsey-woolsey, without murmuring to himself that the 'Vikings' and the 'Berserkers', the offspring of the north wind and the sea fog, are not extinct.

Occasionally, he commits himself to a judgment that general opinion was not to ratify in later years. The art of the young Sarah Bernhardt is, he says, 'small art'. Emile Zola is a remarkable writer but –

> unfortunately the real, for him, means exclusively the unclean, and he utters his crudities with an air of bravado which makes them doubly intolerable.

None of the Impressionists shows signs of possessing first-rate talent and indeed

> the 'Impressionist' doctrines strike me as incompatible, in an artist's mind, with the existence of first-rate talent.

However, these doubtful verdicts do not irritate, because they can be accepted as the limits of a mind which is, at every step, speaking firmly and honestly for itself. If, on the whole, the book does not really please, the reason is partly that it has the sadness of faded topicality and partly that James himself, in spite of his astringency, gives the impression of holding life at arm's length. Most of the subjects he talks about are dead and gone, but even when they were alive he perhaps did not feel them with the rawness of immediate contact. He seems to be most at ease in dealing with landscapes and pictures; his descriptions of Versailles and Chartres are remarkable and he shows considerable talent in the unrewarding genre of exhibition literature, discussing with great subtlety shades of difference between traditional painters. But he provides little or no appreciation of what it is like to be inside a community, sharing its life and moving forward with it into the uncertain future. In this sense, he could have been with advantage much more of a journalist. The editors refer to the 'thin falsetto' of journalism, which James was too gifted to imitate. This is just the usual, automatic contempt for journalism, which does so much harm in both academic and journalistic circles. What level of contribution the *New York Tribune* wanted I do not know; it may well be that it was a very trashy paper. But judging the letters in themselves, I should say that they are rather disappointing now precisely because they do not have enough of the saltiness and weight and saving vulgarity of first-rate journalism, which is after all only a form of immediate literature under another name. There is something a little remote, comfortably contemplative, complacently polysyllabic, about James. His sentences purr too roundly, even when they are leading up to a justifiable and exciting scratch. Malicious and rather inhuman, he does not, in the last resort, try to understand Paris; he just rubs himself intelligently against it.

J. G. WEIGHTMAN

Focus for Ideas

DARTINGTON HALL *The History of an Experiment*

by VICTOR BONHAM CARTER *and* WILLIAM BURNLEE CURRY

Forewords by Leonard K. Elmhirst

This is the first account of a world-famous social experiment, and the personalities associated with it. At Dartington Hall progressive ideas have been applied to all activities: the co-educational boarding school alone would have brought fame, but added to this are revolutionary developments in industry, agriculture and forestry which have startled the experts: a revival, no less, of the total life of the countryside. *Dartington Hall* is an encouraging document of our times—a record of disinterested endeavour and practical achievement.
224 *pp*. 25 *pp plates, plans, folding map* 30*s net*

New Statesman Profiles

With 45 Portraits by Vicky

" Most of these profiles have genuinely contributed to our understanding of some extraordinary human beings," wrote Philip Toynbee in *The Observer*.
256 *pp* 25*s net*

Phoenix

Through your bookshop

Published by Phoenix House Ltd., at Charing Cross

Fitness for What?

A Century of Darwin. Edited by S. A. BARNETT. *Heinemann*. 30*s*.

Tennyson wrote of 'Nature red in tooth and claw' in 1850. Had he written that line, or his comment on Nature –

> So careful of the type she seems,
> So careless of the single life –

eight years later, it would have been assumed that he was commenting on Darwin. In seven years, four editions of the *Origin of Species* sold 7,500 copies: Ideas about Evolution, and even about Natural Selection as a mechanism for it, were, however, not new. They had been published by serious scientists such as Diderot and by more casual writers such as Monboddo and Erasmus Darwin. Early writers had argued against the whole concept of sharply distinguished species. Thus John Locke said that their boundaries 'whereby men sought them, are made by men' and Buffon held that Nature knew nothing of families and contained only individuals. Even Linnaeus, whose assumption that the number of species was fixed at the creation is commonly supposed to have been overthrown by Darwin, had second thoughts and the passage stating this did not appear in the final edition of *Systema Naturæ*.

In 1909 twenty-four essays were published in commemoration of the centenary of Darwin's birth and the half-centenary of the *Origin of Species*. They assessed Darwin's contribution to knowledge and the effect of general acceptance of his basic ideas on scientific and popular thought. Now, on the centenary of the *Origin of Species*, fifteen essays have been published with the same object. Both groups of essayists agree that Darwin was much more than a populariser of old ideas, he saw their implications more fully than his predecessors and explained the position so clearly that acceptance was soon nearly universal. The objectors did not, as a rule, object to the fact of Evolution but to Natural Selection as its mechanism; this was the point so vigorously and entertainingly maintained by Butler and his disciple, Shaw. But their views did not prevail and Shaw has written of the obloquy he incurred when he spoke of Darwin as 'an intelligent and industrious pigeon fancier'.

Eight essays deal with this aspect of Darwin's work. They discuss recent studies on gradations between varieties smooth enough to obliterate intermediate steps although the extremes are distinct species; this is just what Darwin expected. Accounts are given of some of the factors causing the variation between individuals that is necessary before this can happen. Here it is pleasant to find ideas getting at least a hearing that a few years ago would have been dismissed as silly Lamarckism. In discussions on 'inheritance of acquired characters' we seem to be getting beyond the phase of simple abuse. An essay on *The Descent of Man* deals effectively with the supposed distinctive characteristics of man and with opponents of Darwin's view that we also are the product of Evolution. Four essays consider Darwin's work on aspects of Botany, on coral reefs, sexual selection, and the expression of the emotions. Some of his conclusions remain acceptable, some have been superseded, but none is negligible.

The last three essays are on social sciences, progress and ethics. These are, in many ways, the most interesting for they face the problem of what exactly Herbert Spencer's 'survival of the fittest' amounts to. It seems a truism; survival demonstrates fitness. But the important thing, as Tennyson saw, is not that the individual survives but that the community or species should. Much has been written, and much is written here, about the manner in which individual disadvantage can contribute to public good and how, from this, the evolution of an ethical code by Natural Selection can be envisaged. Darwin accepted that but T. H. Huxley was doubtful and, in his Romanes lecture (1893), wondered whether a group that followed the ethical principle that underlies almost all the world's religions, known in Britain as the 'golden rule,' could survive except in an environment policed by people who maintained retributive law and not the 'rule'. Sixty-five more years of experience may have made many sceptical about police operations. The essence of the difficulty lies in the time-scale within which we think. To a Victorian it was obvious that survival and prosperity depended on heavy armaments. Looking at Sweden and Switzerland we may wonder. Now there are many who can see no alternatives to the piling up of H-bombs and some of them quote alleged Darwinism as an excuse. When we remember that we are descended from little animals that slipped out from under, and not from the dinosaurs, we may again wonder.

The Victorians were quite clear about the nature of fitness – it was a measure of resemblance to a Victorian. The same smug self-confidence in contemporary Russians and Americans makes these friendly people perplexingly irritating to visitors. But fitness and progress are not just matters of material success. The tapeworm is reasonably successful. Is beauty a criterion? When we look at pictures of the Jurassic scene it might appear so. But it is merely an assumption that animals then all dressed in hodden grey and the plants are apparently drawn by pupils of *douanier* Rousseau. If Constable or Turner painted the scene we might be less certain that we had progressed.

Fitness, on the contrary, is nearly the same thing as adaptability so that the answer to the opening question of this review is 'Anything'.

Judged thus we can keep man on the pinnacle on to which conceit had forced us to put him, for we can adapt to a wider range of environments than any other animal. And our big brains help us to respond effectively to changed circumstances. The only moral that seems to emerge from the post-Darwinian scene is that we should distrust specialisation and keep flexibility.

Anyone interested in Evolution and the broader aspects of biology will enjoy this book. It will dispel many illusions, start new trains of thought, and supply much interesting information. What praise could be higher?

N. W. PIRIE

The Trouble with English Art

William Etty. By DENNIS FARR. *Routledge.* 70*s.*

Sir Joshua Reynolds. By DEREK HUDSON. *Bles.* 35*s.*

The reason there is so much interest (of a rather tepid kind) in Etty is that so many people have at one time or another bought a sleazy and slippery sketch by him for five pounds. It is generally agreed that these represent his claim to fame and that they show a rare talent for direct painting which challenges—any French name you care to mention.

The real puzzle about Etty is why, if this is true, it is so difficult to take him seriously. Why, after all, does one read Mr Farr's excellent book, not so much for light on an artistic personality which has any hold on one, as for the general interest which records of the fascinating period always have. Etty's mechanical talent is undeniable—there is plenty of efficient painting, by good painters and dull ones, in the great period of British art. What was really remarkable about him was his morbid devotion to painting from the nude, and his life-long attendance at the life school of the Royal Academy, which had all the marks of a thoroughly unhealthy habit.

This is where the appreciation of Etty hesitates. His dedicated bachelorhood is altogether too dedicated for present tastes—to judge by some of Mr Farr's reviewers—and the paintings are thus regarded with equal suspicion. No one has, I think, yet considered whether, if Etty's *motifs* were so evidently pathological, his style—a curious and rather brilliant compendium—his themes, his attitude to his sources and his æsthetic are not perhaps pathological, too, and determined by pressures a good deal more personal than the genteel romancing eclecticism which springs to the eye. (Remarkable results have lately been obtained from Flaxman, but he was a better proposition from the start.) No one has considered, in fact, whether the whole of Etty's art may not on investigation ring true with an altogether deeper and more dismal note than has yet been heard—and no doubt we should be thankful. The results would very likely be absurd.

The present book mercifully runs no such risks. Mr Farr gives us a flat slice of the rich annals of the time, incorporating good biography and sensibly cautious criticism. The critical purpose served is not always clear: it seems doubtful, for example, if applied to 'Youth on the Prow', there is any real meaning in the word *inept*. But the alternative is forbidding, and Mr Farr has written admirably on the only possible level. Only the thousands of owners who search in vain in his catalogue for their own wretched examples will be disappointed. Anyone who has the unlikely temerity to attempt the disreputable study which might, just conceivably, reinstate Etty as an artist of serious interest will be greatly in his debt.

It is surprising that there are not more lives of Reynolds, for his greatest creation was his own career and the idea it demonstrated. All the later English painters who cut any figure in the world have been its beneficiaries and victims. Before his shadow fell, genius flowered in all its wayward naturalness: there has never among British figure painters been a Hogarth, Gainsborough or Ramsay since. Reynolds's nature is in his face—genial, urbane, carefully authoritative, but with an afflicted, porous look about it, betraying an unavowed melancholy—and it is one that we recognise. It is the face of a saint of the establishment: Mr Hudson, in his useful and appropriately conventional biography, quotes an invocation from a kind of hymn by Reynolds's friend, Dean Barnard:

> Dear Knight of Plympton, teach me how
> To suffer, with unclouded brow
> And smile serene, like thine. . . .

One can still feel Reynolds's spell. The combined force of ambition and ascetic dedication is irresistible, yet there is something incongruously selfless and passive about it. There emanated from Reynolds, as from a medium, the composite substance which his audience wanted, carrying a flattering message from the dead. It is painting for people who were, however interested in the ideal appearance of art and themselves, not very susceptible to the natural style and grace of original painting.

Mr Hudson's book, likewise, is just the book for people uninterested in painting. His touch with painting is uncertain, but he deals capably with life and the period. In the course of his peroration, he discusses whether Reynolds or Gainsborough is the more like Mr Annigoni (the honour goes to the second): such strokes of fantasy apart, this is a perceptive and enjoyable book. The story itself is impressive rather than inspiring. A delicate and mild art with its own cool grace, was willingly deformed. The intelligence and resource of Reynolds's eclecticism and the natural, mild politeness which his pictorial manners always retained lend themselves to sophisticated appreciation. Each of his compounds is a considerable invention, and in each there is recognisable the pathetically shrivelled vestige of his own expression. If we admire the achievement we must expect to have to admire its heirs, a whole succession of painters stunted, warped or split—in fact, painters like Etty.

LAWRENCE GOWING

No Frail Flower

Autobiography of a Saint: Thérèse of Lisieux. Translated by RONALD KNOX. *Harvill.* 21*s.*

Nothing could be more repellent than the popular image of St Thérèse: insipid statues in churches with prim smiles and pink roses; her very nickname 'The Little Flower'; the gross white *basilique*, like an inflated Montmartre, rearing up on the Lisieux hillside; the dim knowledge that she was renowned for her 'Little Way'—all these associations arouse a shudder in the English breast. This debased and sentimental cult was recommended to the Universal Church, but surely it should have stopped among Norman peasants and unsophisticated nuns.

It is now clear that St Thérèse was only partly to blame for all this. Her elder sister, with the dying Thérèse's blessing, 'edited' the book, cut-

The Advent of the Labour Party

By PHILIP P. POIRIER

"... this fascinating account of the early years of our great political machine shows, with great skill the interweaving of the Party and the Movement."—D. W. BROGAN in *The Spectator.* 25*s.*

American Investment in British Manufacturing Industry

By JOHN H. DUNNING

This report is the result of a three-year research project into the nature, extent and economic significance of U.S. direct participation in British industry. 35*s.*

Technical Education and Social Change

By STEPHEN F. COTGROVE

Analyses the various social factors which have influenced the recruitment of students to the technical colleges.
Studies in Society Series. 25*s.*

Ministry of Pensions and National Insurance

By SIR GEOFFREY S. KING

The first comprehensive account of its work and organisation.
New Whitehall Series. 18*s.*

The Anti-Corn-Law League, 1838-1846

By NORMAN McCORD

Describes the origin, organisation and activities of the League together with its effect on the contemporary political scene. 25*s.*

A.B.C. of Relativity

By BERTRAND RUSSELL

Introduces the general reader to the ideas of special and general relativity. *New edition. Revised by Felix Pirani.* 15*s.*

The Sixth Continent

By ARTHUR SCHOLES

The story of the discovery and exploration of Australia. By the author of *Fourteen Men* and *The Seventh Continent.*
Illustrated. 21*s.*

GEORGE ALLEN & UNWIN LTD

ting it by a quarter, and making over 7,000 corrections, so that it should appear more dignified, correct and finished. Ronald Knox, whose last work this was, translated it from the new French edition, a complete transcript of the original manuscript. The result reads like a new book. Except for a few false colloquialisms, his rendering is extremely natural. At last the general reader is brought face to face with this formidable young girl and can even enjoy her gaiety and intelligence.

Unfortunately, her style will still put many people off. Mgr Knox would have been as bad as Mère Agnès if he had eliminated all the irritating 'little's' that so liberally dot her pages, and all the oleograph similes. The curious thing is that they bear no relation to her actual life. There is nothing diminutive about her character; as a child she was spoiled and proud, but generous and open all her life. She was completely single-minded. Both her parents before they married had hoped to enter the cloister, and her four elder sisters eventually became nuns, so that to be a Carmelite was her goal from earliest childhood. When she was told, aged fifteen, she was too young to enter the convent she badgered everyone until she was let in, even persuading her father to take her to Rome where she hugged Leo XIII's knees until dragged off them by the Papal Guard. Having battered her way into the Carmel, she stayed there till she died of TB at the age of 24.

The formidable will-power was turned to her becoming a saint, her open ambition. She was, as they say, a 'fighter' but for causes unimaginably alien to our own ideas. (For example, when she prayed that her one remaining older sister still in the world should be unable to dance, and so should also take the veil.) To describe herself as a 'frail little flower' is most misleading. Possibly her sentimental way of writing is the fault of her time and place. But perhaps there is another reason. Thérèse was always the darling youngest, the pretty baby, her father's 'little Princess'. Naturally she associated littleness with love – her family were all extremely fond of one another – and it was no pejorative word. Also two parts of the book are addressed to her sisters, both in the convent with her, and obviously she wants to dwell on their childhood. In the section dedicated to the Prioress, Mère Marie de Gonzague, she is noticeably more adult.

In the end her genuine simplicity and ardour make one forget the way in which she sometimes expresses herself. Those who have hitherto been nauseated by the Saint-Sulpicien externals will perhaps now swallow their repugnance and read her.

HENRIETTA LAMB

A Review of Commonwealth Raw Materials

VOLUME I

A report by the Commonwealth Economic Committee to the Governments of the Commonwealth. Covering a wide range of raw materials and sources of energy, it provides a comprehensive study of the position of Commonwealth countries against the background of world trends of production, consumption, trade and prices. Numerous statistical analyses up to 1955 with pre-war comparisons are discussed with textual references to resources and to some important later developments.

Price 15s. (*post* 1s.)

Volume II, to be issued later, will comprise detailed studies of the raw materials position in individual Commonwealth countries.

HMSO

from the Government Bookshops or through any bookseller

New Novels

Company of Cowards. By JACK SCHAEFER. *Deutsch.* 11s. 6d.

Cocktail Time. By P. G. WODEHOUSE. *Herbert Jenkins.* 12s. 6d.

An End and a Beginning. By JAMES HANLEY. *Macdonald.* 16s.

The Aliens. By FRANCOIS-REGIS BASTIDE. Translated by PETER MAYNE. *Hutchinson.* 16s.

Sheldrake. By MICHAEL WHARTON. *Anthony Blond* with *Wingate.* 13s. 6d.

Few things have astonished me more than the rapture which has greeted *Company of Cowards.* Mr Schaefer evades the only interesting point his book raises – what turns cowards into heroes? – and his prose is inflated to the point of grotesqueness. He has picked up a few facile and tedious tricks of alliteration and onomatopeia; he writes in poetic rhythms and talks of 'questing questions'. Yet he has received, from everyone except Mr John Metcalf, serious rather than severe attention. Pretentiousness pays. It isn't that people care too little about Art and Technique; they care too much. But it is up to the writer to announce that he is wrestling with Art and Technique. The furtive creature who considers technique to be a way of reducing a difficult subject to its simplest terms, of telling a complicated story as directly as he can, making it all, in short, easy for the reader so that, in the words of Somerset Maugham, 'he is not aware of the violence done him' – the writer who does that deserves to be damned for his secretiveness.

It is only perversity, therefore, that makes me put P. G. Wodehouse high up in this list. His story is, as usual, involved and full of surprises; and he has had the folly to tell it in short, well-organised and racy chapters, each ending on a note of suspense. Nowhere does he draw attention to himself. Sir Raymond Bastable, Q.C., who hopes to get the Conservative nomination for Bottleton East, writes, in response to a challenge, an Angry Young novel called *Cocktail Time.* Not wishing to jeopardise his political future, Sir Raymond uses a pen-name. But his secret leaks out; he is blackmailed; then *Cocktail Time* has a success that makes the Bottleton East nomination look insipid; the complications follow. It is all very gay, but not one of Mr Wodehouse's best. The invention falters here and there; and the opening chapters, which I suspect were tacked on after the rest of the novel was written, are rather forced. In a heavy-hearted concession to changing times Mr Wodehouse marries off the butler Peasemarch to Sir Raymond's sister.

Even so, *Cocktail Time* remains horribly artificial. Fair enough. But what about Mr James Hanley? He never smiles, and his characters smile only once, during copulation. Life is real, life is earnest here. But is there anything more artificial and sterile than *An End and a Beginning?* Peter Fury has served fifteen years for the murder of the moneylender who harried his mother. He comes out, sleeps for a night or so with his sister-in-law; then they separate. How does Mr Hanley spin out this thin, implausible story to 100,000 words? Technique. Mr Hanley is not interested in his story so much as in his manner of telling it. He tells it very slowly. Everything of importance lies in the past, and after about 80 pages the reader knows he has to wait for the flashbacks and can disregard the chatter that leads up to them.

This is the familiar method of the musical comedy, where the song is the thing. The murder comes to us in flashback and italics; this is the only impressive scene. The sister-in-law also reflects on the past; she is still in love with her husband, and I could not understand why she went to such trouble to sleep with her brother-in-law for such a short time. But with these intense, sensitive characters anything can happen. Unfortunately, very little does. Mr Hanley's detail is prodigious and relentlessly well written; but much of it is irrelevant and doesn't add up to a great deal. None of his characters has any reality; these intense characters rarely do: their mental processes are too alike. The dialogue is often banal; and everyone, with the exception of an Oirish housekeeper, thinks and talks like Mr Hanley. Mr Hanley's scenes remain stone dead, for the simple reason that we are always more interested in Mr Hanley than in his characters.

In *The Aliens* M. Bastide deals with rootlessness. His aliens are Choralita, a bored and futile Swedish philologist, and Alexis, a Russian general, flamboyant, fraudulent and equally futile. They have lived for thirty years in Paris without losing their sense of exile. During the Occupation they meet and build up an uneasy, expedient relationship. The war is over, the relationship ends. The general is caught up by his past and kills himself. Choralita becomes a religious maniac. Exile has destroyed them both. M. Bastide writes about his aliens with astonishing perception. In Choralita he has anatomised the wasteful and tragic side of exile. I have never seen this better done: the love-hate for the adopted country, the fear of the country left behind, the pride in it, the lack of loyalty leading to indifference, boredom and eventual futility.

M. Bastide is as obsessed with technique as Mr Hanley, but with better reason. He offers at any rate an interesting solution to the problem of describing two parallel careers. His technique leans heavily on inset narration and confession, and I cannot help feeling that it conceals M. Bastide's inability to mount a difficult scene: the scenes he attempts are weak and tend to be melodramatic. The method of confession also means that we have to take important things on trust – the relationship between Choralita and Alexis, for example. I couldn't believe in it when I saw them together directly, at first hand. M. Bastide's characters are plausible; he has stated their problem well; but his story is incongruously stagey. When the book is closed, the story falls away and is forgotten; the characters stand out, memorable but unrelated. I cannot resist the conclusion that this was how they first appeared to M. Bastide, and that all the rest – the love, the melodramatic end – was just a novelist's idea that didn't come off.

As they went along Rotunda Street, a discussion arose about the comparative merits of the Pope

and the Dalai Lama. Father MacAlcohol maintained that the Pope had the better stamp collection.

If this is the way you like your wit you should put down this paper at once and rush out to get a copy of *Sheldrake*. It is all about an independence movement in a northern industrial town. Two MP's sent up to investigate are fried and eaten. 'I always say that there's nothing like cannibalism for giving a man a good conceit of himself,' Father MacAlcohol says. '*Sheldrake*,' say the publishers, 'is not half so mad as it looks'. Now I wonder what they mean by that.

V. S. NAIPAUL

More Equal than Others

Managers: A Study of Their Careers in Industry. By R. V. CLEMENTS. *Allen & Unwin.* 20*s*.

Whether British industry is experiencing a 'managerial revolution' or a 'managerial reorganisation' of private property is a matter for debate: but no one will dispute that the role of the managers is becoming increasingly important. It is, therefore, a sad commentary on the state of our social studies that even the most rudimentary facts on managers and management have still to be collated.

Now Mr Clements has done something to fill the void. In scope this is a modest work, based upon the management personnel of 28 firms of varying sizes in the Manchester area. But within his field the author has dug fairly deep. Six different career patterns are traced: the 'crown princes' who inherit managerial status; the management trainees; the qualified specialists, including accountants; special entrants (an imprecise category); and the men – in two categories according to whether they left school before or after the age of 15 – who rose from the bottom. The relationship between the educational background and the career patterns of the different groups is – as expected – close. Nearly all the crown princes and the majority of the management trainees were educated at public schools. The specialists, however, came mainly from the grammar schools, although here too a substantial public-school element was found. These three categories, which account for about a third of the management sample, contained all but a handful of the university graduates in industry. Those in the other, numerically larger but less favoured categories, came from central, technical, grammar and – the largest contingent – elementary schools.

Type of entry is also closely related to speed of promotion and size of rewards. The crown prince, typically, starts work at the age of 20, achieves managerial status at 26; the trainee begins after graduation at 23, becomes a manager at 31. Those who start at the bottom begin work at 14 and must wait until they are 37 before they set foot on the management ladder. Top management is weighted heavily in favour of the crown prince, trainee and specialist groups. They account for two-thirds of the directors and they enjoy, on average, higher rewards.

Since all the managers in this study left school before the 1944 Education Act, future trends in management recruitment are difficult to assess. But I think Mr Clements is right to suggest that recruitment from the bottom is likely to decline while trainee and specialist groups can be expected to increase. Further, I suspect that later studies will confirm a considerable increase in the proportion of public-school managers. In industry, equal opportunities are a long way off.

PETER SHORE

Gramophone Records

CALLAS on record is not so all-compelling as Callas in the opera-house, where the fascination of her presence atones for the curiously hard, reedy tone she sometimes produces. Perhaps I am becoming conditioned like a Pavlov dog, but that singular timbre, admittedly ugly in itself, has become so deeply associated in my mind with the pleasures of hearing Callas sing that in the context of her voice I now hardly find it disturbing. If I go on to say that a Columbia disc called 'Callas at the Scala' is one of the finest vocal records that has come my way in recent years, you have been warned of my uncritical partiality.

This disc, which is excellently recorded, not only finds Callas in superb voice, so that the usual defects of her singing are far less evident than before, but shows her in music of the early nineteenth century that she has made peculiarly her own. It also reflects the astonishing range of her singing. Thus 'Tu che invoco' from Spontini's *La Vestale* is delivered with a dramatic intensity and attack (what a Donna Anna Callas might make!) no less wonderful than the moving, limpid legato she brings to 'Caro oggetto' from the same opera. The other works represented, in all of which Callas has appeared at the Scala, are Cherubini's *Medea* and Bellini's *Norma* and *La Sonnambula*.

If you want Callas in a full operatic recording, then there is *Il Barbiere di Siviglia* on three Columbia discs. This is an admirable production that makes one acutely aware of how much of this masterpiece goes for nothing in the average run-of-the-mill performance. Gobbi's Figaro is superb. There is nothing mannered or overemphasised about it, the humour is beautifully pointed and never relapses into the conventional boisterous *buffo* manner, which can sound so tedious on record; his handling of recitative is exemplary and in everything he does there is a really wonderful precision and style. I am not at all with people who feel Callas to be miscast as Rosina – unless they are consequential (and bold) enough to claim that she is also miscast as Amina in *Sonnambula*. Admittedly her voice is larger and more mature than the usual run of soprano Rosinas. But what a relief it is to be spared one of those pert, pinched-voiced soubrettes, and in any case the part was originally written for a mezzo (Rossini hated high women's voices). Callas brings to the role a lively sense of character and situation as well as her unique vocal and stylistic gifts. And what wonderful rhythm she preserves, in recitative as well as in arias. Alva and Zaccaria are excellent as Almaviva and Basilio, the ensembles are done to perfection, and if Galliera approaches the score in a rather sober manner, he gets extremely polished playing from the Philharmonia.

I cannot write so enthusiastically of a two-disc Columbia recording of *La Bohème*, in which Callas sings Mimi. In Puccini her distinction of style carries less weight and the lack of full, sensuous tone is a greater disadvantage. Of course there are some memorable and poetic moments, but in this role Callas does not seem to me a match for Victoria de los Angeles on HMV. Votto gets a good performance from the Scala orchestra, and one that is free from Beecham's exaggerations. It is also free from Beecham's richness, brilliance and inspired lyricism. But for those who must have Callas this is a worthy and well-recorded affair.

Philips have done a service in issuing a three-

WATER MUSIC
BIANCA VANORDEN

'This is a most unusual poetically flavoured novel for the connoisseur.'
Yorkshire Post

'Miss VanOrden is definitely somebody to be read, cherished and recommended. *Water Music* is a subtle, sophisticated performance.' *Time and Tide*

'Miss VanOrden has the teeming inventiveness a truly promising young novelist should have.' *Western Mail*

'I greatly enjoyed this book.'
(18s) *Manchester Guardian*

THE DOOR MARKED MALAYA
OLIVER CRAWFORD

'Mr Crawford joined the fight against the terrorists in 1954 . . . The writer's evocative powers are considerable. As in the war, so in the book, it is the jungle which wins out in the end. Mr Crawford hates it but it fascinates him and keeps luring him into fine descriptive passages.'
(18s) *The Times Literary Supplement*

HENRY JAMES
PARISIAN SKETCHES
Letters to the New York Tribune 1875-1876

'Let it be said at once that this book is unexpectedly readable . . . James gossips about French politics, about art, about literature. *Parisian Sketches* has a value for Jamesians as providing a background to the writing of *The Americans*. It should interest ordinary readers in its own right.'
(25s) *The Times*

THE WANDERING ALBATROSS
WILLIAM JAMESON

'Photographs, and drawings by Peter Shepheard combine here with some splendid word-pictures by the Admiral himself to bring the legend-haunted bird to life.'
The Sunday Times

'A remarkable little monograph on the noblest of sea birds . . . it is a book that will be valued by many who are not ornithologists at all.' *Glasgow Herald*

16s

RUPERT HART-DAVIS

disc recording of Rossini's monumental *Mosé*, a work that is at least the equal of *Guglielmo Tell* but that has fallen into neglect almost as complete as it is undeserved. The plot, which contains a good deal of amorous detail omitted from Exodus, is hardly very persuasive, but the score has extraordinary vitality and variety and in the choral writing attains an almost Handelian monumentality. The cast, headed by Rossi-Lemeni, is not particularly distinguished, but Serafin conducts excellently and secures good ensemble, so that the performance as a whole is quite acceptable. The recording is exceptionally spacious and comfortable and an Italian text is provided free, together with an outline of the action in English.

Most unfortunately, an operation for appendicitis has postponed Anita Cerquetti's *début* at Covent Garden, and although records can be deceivers her performance in a recent three-disc Decca recording of Ponchielli's *La Giaconda* had promised much. On record she shows herself to have a large and creamy voice, a big style and a powerful sense of line, and in the last act she sings to magnificent effect. She is well supported by Simionato, but neither Siepi, del Monaco, nor Bastianini sound in best voice, Gavazzeni's conducting of a mediocre choir and orchestra is not up to much, and the recording falls below the best Decca standards. Decca's *Andrea Chénier* goes much better. Del Monaco leads the way with a performance that has precious little refinement but plenty of fire and excitement, and Tebaldi sings ardently and on occasions beautifully. Bastianini's Gérard is competent but unremarkable, Gavazzeni's conducting is much more vigorous than in *La Giaconda* and the two-disc recording is very full and spacious.

Perhaps Zinka Milanov is not in quite such superb voice in a new RCA recording of *Tosca* as when she re-appeared at Covent Garden in this role two years ago. Nonetheless she gives an extremely fine performance, and sings with a wonderful velvet quality of tone and with magnificent mastery of Puccinian phrasing. Björling is competent but not in top form as Cavaradossi and he seems only to go through the gestures of emotion, while Warren is too woolly in tone and unincisive for Scarpia. By way of compensation, however, Erich Leinsdorf transforms the Rome Opera Orchestra, who deliver a rousing, full-blooded and extremely exciting performance. The recording of this two-disc set is very good indeed. Puccini's *Suor Angelica* has arrived on a single HMV disc, on which de los Angeles gives a radiant account of the title role, and sings the final *scena* quite gloriously. Barbieri provides a solid support as the Zia Principessa, Serafin conducts with his usual firmness and grip and the recording is extremely good. In fact everything is splendid except the little stinker itself, packed as it is with the essence of Puccini's failings and precious little of his many virtues.

Granados's *Goyescas* is a fascinating short opera based on his piano pieces, that is now available on a single Decca disc in an excellent performance conducted by Argenta. Consuelo Rubio, whose sumptuous voice and ardent sense of line and drama are shown to much better advantage in this music than in Gluck's *Alceste* at Glyndebourne, gives an outstandingly fine account of the main role. The supporting singers are not remarkable and nor is the chorus. But Argenta draws zestful playing from the National Orchestra of Spain and the recording is excellent apart from deterioration at the end of the first side. Another little-known opera is Dvorak's *The Jacobins*, excerpts from which are available on a comfortably recorded Supraphon disc. This tuneful, tender and unpretentiously lyrical music is well performed and makes undemanding and enjoyable listening.

Vanguard has issued recordings, each on two discs, of two clasasical Viennese operettas, both of which I found hugely enjoyable. Anton Paulik does not bring Krauss's flair to *Der Zigeunerbaron*, but he has an excellent young cast headed by Gerda Scheyrer, who sings admirably, that entertaining pillar of the Vienna Volksoper, Kurt Preger, and Eberhard Wächter, and he gives a splendidly fresh, lively and precise account of Strauss's stupendously inventive score. Less satisfactory points are a recording (otherwise good) that seems to change level obtrusively so that the choral climaxes sound backward, and Waldemar Kmentt whose singing lacks sensuality. A good mark is earned for a free bilingual text. For some reason the text of *Der Bettelstudent* is in English only, but at least it is free. Millöcker's score cannot rival Strauss's in invention, but it has a delightful lyrical vein of its own and is beautifully written. The performance, again under Paulik, has great verve and, apart from Wilma Lipp's rather colourless heroine, the singing is extremely good. The recording is rich and brilliant, although the voices benefit from a certain amount of treble filtering. Another extremely happy offering from this city is a Decca disc called Vienna Holiday on which Knappertsbusch conducts the Vienna Philharmonic in waltzes, polkas, and so on. He does not have Krauss's characteristically Viennese blend of *élan* and sentiment, but then he does not aim at it. His performances are wildly mannered and absolutely fascinating, with individuality streaming from every bar. The orchestral playing and recording are superb.

Columbia continues its task of committing the works of Carl Orff to record. The latest addition is *Der Mond*. Performance and recording alike are of the highest possible standard.

HMV and Columbia's valuable joint series of 'Great Recordings of the Century' has recently issued the first group of a series of discs that are to be devoted to outstanding singers. The Chaliapine record contains his famous excerpts from *Boris Godonov* and a number of arias from other nineteenth-century Russian operas. An absolutely enchanting Elizabeth Schumann disc, which, incidentally, contains some recordings not previously issued, is devoted to *Lieder* by Wolf and Strauss. The Wolf recordings are in the main post-1945, but more than compensate for lack of vocal resources by subtlety of interpretation and a spirit of tenderness that permeates them. In the earlier Strauss recordings, and notably in 'Wiegenlied', the singing is glorious, with a purity of tone and an ease of line that no living soprano can rival. The third singer is Claudia Muzio. At the risk of bringing down brimstone from another column, I must confess, while her singing of Verdi and his Italian successors is indeed superb, Muzio is to my taste too earthy and robust to capture the full elegiac poetry of Bellini's music.

PETER HEYWORTH

RAVEL

L'HEURE ESPAGNOLE

(opera in one act)

Concepcion	-	**Janine Linda**
Gonzalve	-	**André Dran**
Torquemada	-	**Jean Mollien**
Ramiro	-	**Jean Hoffman**
Don Inigo Gomez	-	**Lucien Mans**

L'Orchestre Radio-Symphonique de Paris de la Radiodiffusion Française, conducted by René Leibowitz.

1-12" record PL 7880

'The performance is superb. . . . The recording itself is brilliant; at all points the engineers have captured with startling realism the lovely light-hearted sounds that the conductor conjures from his singers and orchestra. . . . This is a fascinating issue and no one should miss it.'

The Monthly Letter (EMG) August 1953

'It is rarely that a recorded performance is able to convey so convincingly an opera's flavour and the finely drawn individual characters of the participants in this delicious intrigue.'

Peter Heyworth—
The Times Educational Supplement, 12 March 1954

VOX

Week-end Competition

No. 1,478 **Set by Red Setter**

The usual prizes are offered for a quatrain to be inscribed above the door of any one of the following: Maria Callas, Christine Truman, Randolph Churchill, Sir Gordon Richards, Dame Edith Evans, Sabrina, the Editor of *The Times*. Entries by 8 July.

Result of No. 1,475 **Set by Bristol**

The British holiday-maker abroad has come in lately for some sharp comment. The usual prizes are offered for the Unspoken Thoughts of a continental hotelier on the arrival of one of the following: a charabanc party with courier; a group of hitch-hiking undergraduates; an elderly couple who 'knew the place in the old days'; a mixed bunch of MPs; a pair of middle-aged schoolmistresses; Anthony Carson.

Report

The sins of the hitch-hiking undergraduates were drainpipes, luminous socks, and frying sausages in their bedrooms; of the elderly couple, remembering the hall-porter's grandfather and the tariffs of yesterday; of the schoolmistresses, wanting the room with the balcony and day-dreaming *Autumn Crocus*; of the busloads, losing things; of the MPs, making it impossible for the hotelier to know which were Left, which Right:

> There was a time when you could send the Leftists—grubby shirts, shorts, books by the Webbs, and all—up the hill to sleep in the hostel with the cows. Not now, though. See them today, and you see company directors, fashionable lawyers, all living on the fat of the land. A terrible example to my staff, criminally Left to the last scullion. (John Digby.)

And as for the favourite target, Anthony Carson—he inspired rancour, exasperation, fury and cupidity. 'Look Carson, you're just a guest like any other', pleaded D. J. Bradley's hotelier; 'I shall not be sorry to see type Carson Pass on', mused D. R. Peddy's, Ogden Nashly, while Stanley Sharpless's hedged:

> I am so sorry, M. Carson. We are full up. Not a room left. Not even a—but wait. Supposing he were to put this hotel into one of his gay little contes, about some off-beat experience amoureuse? It might be good publicity after all.

Two guineas to Hilary; a guinea and a half each to P. W. R. Foot and Bevis. Commended: Colin Prestige, Helen MacGregor, Russell Edwards, G. J. Blundell, Vera Telfer, H. Hardman.

ANTHONY CARSON

Encore? One comprehends that Mister Carson has wellnigh exhausted his material—that he has need to repeat his voyagings. But our town boasts many hotels, surely he need not select mine *again*? Must one appear as a farcical figure in his wish-fantaisies—must one again be a 'character', significant of this or that? One should not be required to submit a second time. . . .

There he sits in the salon, reading his *Continental Daily Mail*. Soon he will pass to the bureau and consume leaf after leaf of my expensive notepaper as he recounts his imaginary exploits. . . . Dominique, my concierge for 47 years, he will translate into a too-amiable serveuse de bocks: old Pierre will become for the day a veteran of the International Brigade, uttering countless pithy mots: and I, what will he make of *me* this time? . . . You rang, Mister Carson? Ink, Mister Carson? Of course, Mister Carson. . . .

HILARY

AN ELDERLY COUPLE

Hello, you couple of old English dodderers! If you think we're going to don our Tyrolean dress, listen to your horrible German, watch you go 'Greasing Gott' up the street, imagining you'll be taken for natives, then you can start rethinking! Well I remember when you first came with your Norfolk jacket, your Baedeker and a copy of *The Constant Nymph*. How we patiently listened to your stories of Britain's might and integrity! Now I shall charge you double for everything quite openly. This time I don't think you'll clap your hands and shout—*Kellner!* Both of you look ashamed almost. And after Suez I should damn well think so, too! Or perhaps you wonder at our prosperity—our American bar, our juke box? Poor bastards! I suppose I'd better tell the orchestra to play 'Bitter Sweet' at dinner.

P. W. R. FOOT

CHARABANC PARTY

Here they come, two-countries-a-day for ten days. . . . Today, it is the fences we count, not the sheep jumping them. . . . Of this lot, six will want to change their rooms, four will not sleep on the same floor as each other, and three will insist on sleeping next to the stairs. . . . The old one with blue hair will drink only tonic water, the little one next to her is already drunk. . . . The fat one will want an English breakfast. . . . They will all call for tea, except one who will drink coffee and make a joke about doing what the Romans do. . . . Three will get lost within sight of the hotel. . . . What little pleasure remains will be bullied out of them by the courier, but they will all ask me to post their postcards of the valley to tell their friends what a wonderful time they are having.

BEVIS

City Lights

A Tree Becomes a Bear

The high spirits lasted long enough to give a few people the price of their holiday: this week everyone is recession-conscious again. Wall Street, uncertain about what will happen and even more uncertain about what the government will do when it does, has relinquished a large part of its recent gains. One trouble has been the steel outlook. Steelworkers' wages are due to go up at the end of this month under a long-term contract and it has been generally supposed that the steel companies would simultaneously announce an increase in their prices; customers have been buying their steel in advance and production has improved. Now, however, United States Steel has begun to suggest that it may not after all announce higher prices on 1 July, advance buying has come to a sudden stop, and steel production is expected to drop this week for the first time in two months. It is reasonable, if you like, that Wall Street should take a bearish view of this situation. But the other main reason for its present nervousness is a fear that Mr Martin and his Federal Reservists, still out to swipe at every symptom of inflation they can find, regard a rise in steel prices as a bad thing, and that money is now to become tighter again.

* * *

London markets too, however, are patchy this week. The gilt-edged market, having been given one cut in Bank Rate and being too polite to ask for another at once, is worrying about sterling instead. Sterling has in fact been a little easier in the past couple of weeks; mix this fact with the strength of the D-mark, throw in a few Hungarian rumblings and a dash of Middle East intervention, and you can make the summer of 1958 look much too much like the summers of 1956 and 1957 for the gilt-edged investor's peace of mind. But there's no reason why you should. Even if the D-mark still needs watching, the franc is responding well to M. Pinay's treatment and the sterling area's gold reserve is now large enough to stand up to most things. The pound has recently been tending to dip every time an oil company or a tobacco firm buys dollars, but it is now entering its period of seasonal weakness and it is still very comfortably above its mid-point of $2.80.

Throgmorton Street, indeed, is much more concerned about profits than about sterling at the moment. Improvements in initial allowances and cuts in Bank Rate are all very well, but are they enough? The Federation of British Industries has come out this week with the results of a questionnaire issued to its members; nearly a third of those replying feel less optimistic about the business outlook than three months ago.

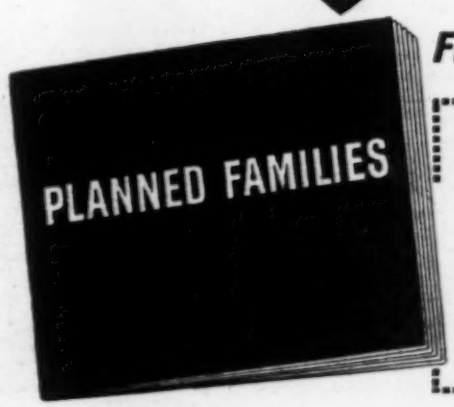
* * *

The fall in commodity prices which has taken place over the past twelve months has been accompanied by a Russian sales drive. This may be part of a diabolically clever plan to disrupt the economy of the West or it may be the result of a surplus of raw materials and a shortage of foreign exchange in the East, but it has been a considerable nuisance—particularly in the cases of aluminium (where the Board of Trade has courageously agreed to investigate a Canadian dumping charge) and of tin. Russian sales of tin have risen sharply this year and have seriously jeopardised the attempts of the International Tin Council to stabilise the market price. Informal suggestions that Russia should muck in have been met with an indignant refusal to join such a capitalist organisation, but there seems still to be a faint hope that the official invitation now issued to Russia to join the Agreement will be accepted.

East-West trade in general is still a subject to flutter European businessmen, German industrialists, for example, taking no notice whatsoever of Dr Adenauer's appeal to them to return home after the demonstration at their embassy in Moscow. British and American firms which complain of being hampered by strategic restrictions on trade can take heart from the reported remarks of Mr Chen Ming, of the Chinese Foreign Trade Ministry—'The embargo is an obstacle but it has no practical value. It has never handicapped us. Our trade with Britain is developing every year'.

TAURUS

Send for this book



Worry and upsets between husbands and wives so frequently arise through lack of knowledge of modern family planning. This useful book deals frankly with many of the questions which too often have to go unanswered. Written in an understanding and straightforward way, PLANNED FAMILIES can help to resolve one of the commonest and most serious problems in married life. Every married couple should have a copy. You can get yours now—*absolutely free.*

FREE! POST THIS COUPON NOW

To: Planned Families Publications,
12 Oval Road, London, N.W.1

Please send me, under PLAIN COVER, a free copy of "Planned Families." I am an adult.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

_____

_____ 8/2/NN

The Chess Board

No. 450. Must a Brilliancy Be Sound?

I wonder. From time to time some of my more diligent readers remind me of this or that flaw in some celebrated combinations and deplore the fact that even Anderssen's 'Immortal' isn't quite flawless. But is it really so deplorable? It was, after all, a game, not a study or problem, and, as likely as not, apart from the brilliant main variation, there are one or two sub-variations, no less brilliant and unanswerable. What if a *post mortem* discovers yet another variation to refute the entire combination? Should we let it spoil the pleasure we used to have in it? Indeed not! I think it should enhance rather than spoil it. Take another famous game of Anderssen's, 'The Evergreen' (against Dufresne, 1852).

(1) P-K4, P-K4; (2) Kt-KB3, Kt-QB3; (3) B-B4, B-B4; (4) P-QKt4, B x KtP; (5) P-B3, B-R4; (6) P-Q4, P x P; (7) 0-0, P-Q6; (8) Q-Kt3, Q-B3; (9) P-K5, Q-Kt3; (10) R-K1, KKt-K2; (11) B-R3, P-Kt4; (12) Q x P, R-QKt1; (13) Q-R4, B-Kt3; (14) QKt-Q2, B-Kt2; (15) Kt-Kt4, Q-B4; (16) B x QP, Q-R4; (17) Kt-B6 ch, P x Kt; (18) P x P, R-Kt1; (19) QR-Q1.

It will soon be seen why I stint the couple of exclamation marks usually adorning this move, but first look how the game was actually concluded.

. . . Q x Kt??; (20) R x Kt ch, Kt x R; (21) Q x P ch!!, K x Q; (22) B-B5 ch, K-K1; (23) B-Q7 ch, K-B1; (24) B x Kt mate.

It took 46 years for the first flaw to be discovered, for in 1898 Lipke found out that by (19) . . . R-Kt5! Black could have secured at least a draw. I have no space for the analysis and I might have done without the exclamation mark too, since it has just been discovered by a Hamelin player (and no mean piper either) that by (19) . . . R x P ch!! followed by . . . Kt-K4 Black could actually force the win. There's a thorough analysis in *Schach-Echo*, but work it out yourself and let me use my scanty space for yet another celebrated brilliancy, played 100 years ago and refuted a mere 50 or 60 years later. Here, then, is Bird-Morphy, London, 1858.

(1) P-K4, P-K4; (2) Kt-KB3, P-Q3; (3) P-Q4, P-KB4; (4) Kt-B3, BP x P; (5) QKt x P, P-Q4; (6) Kt-Kt3? (Kt x P!), P-K5; (7) Kt-K5, Kt-KB3; (8) B-KKt5, B-Q3; (9) Kt-R5, 0-0; (10) Q-Q2, Q-K1; (11) P-KKt4? (Kt x Kt ch!), Kt x P; (12) Kt x Kt, Q x Kt; (13) Kt-K5, Kt-B3; (14) B-K2, Q-R6; (15) Kt x Kt, P x Kt; (16) B-K3, R-Kt1; (17) 0-0-0, R x BP!; (18) B x R, Q-QR6!!; (19) P-B3 (best), Q x RP; (20) P-Kt4 (best), Q-R8 ch; (21) K-B2, Q-R5 ch; (22) K-Kt2?

And here Maroczy has proved that by K-B1! Bird could have forced Morphy to be content with perpetual check.

A: A. Anderssen 1869

. . . B x P!; (23) P x B, R x P ch; (24) Q x R, Q x Q ch; (25) K-B2, P-K6!; (26) B x P, B-B4 ch; (27) R-Q3 (best), Q-B5 ch; (28) K-Q2, Q-R7 ch; (29) K-Q1, Q-Kt8 ch and soon won.

In fairness to Anderssen the 4-pointer for beginners is one of his flawless brilliancies. How did White force mate in 5 moves? **B** and **C** (for 6 and 7 ladder-points) are both wins. Usual prizes. Entries by 7 July.

B: Hufendiek

C: S. Kaminer 1925

REPORT on No. 447. Set 7 June

A: (1) R-R8 ch, K x R; (2) Kt-B5 ch, K-Kt1; (3) R-R8 ch, K x R: (4) Q-R4 ch, K-Kt1; (5) Q-R7 mate.

B: (1) Key: Q-B3 . . . K x R; (2) Q x R ch, K x Q; (3) B-Q4 mate.

C: (1) B-B5!, R-Kt3 (best); (2) B-K4! (B x R?), R-R3 ch; (3) K-Kt7, R-Kt3 ch; (4) B x R, P x B; (5) K-R7, P-Kt4; (6) P-B5, P-Kt5; (7) P-B6, P-Kt6; (8) P-B7, P-Kt7; (9) P=Q, P=Q; (10) Q-R6 mate.

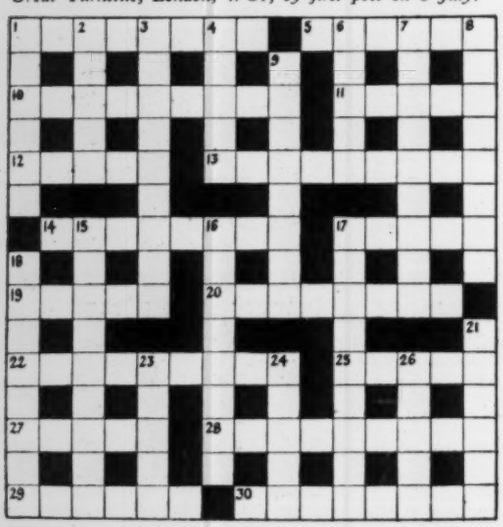
If (7) . . . P x P; (8) P-B7, P-R7; (9) P=Q, P=Q; (10) Q-B5 mate.

Many stumped (or partly so) by **C**. Prizes: R. C. Chaturvedi, S. N. Collings, C. Sandberg, D. H. R. Stallybrass, M. B. Yeats. 35th ladder-decade: 1st E. Allan (771 points) who started from scratch after the 29th in March '57; 2nd J. R. Harman (706), one of the winners in the 31st and 3rd C. Sandberg (629), a winner in the 26th in July '56. 4th A. J. Roycroft who totted up 590 since the 32nd in Oct. '57.

ASSIAC

Week-end Crossword 309

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 309, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London, WC1, by first post on 8 July.



ACROSS

1. Discussions in which a friend makes an affirmation (8).
5. Place in which we follow sailors (6).
10. Place for a cross between a cat and a lion (9).
11. 'Our – is little, but our hearts are great' (Tennyson) (5).
12. So let it be put back after oriental medicine (5).
13. Exposes to hazard but concludes without annoyance (9).
14. One of three puts the county first in front of another team (8).
17. River which is only a ditch in Somerset (5).
19. They are in the cathedral to sing (5).
20. Be unwilling to plead for a murderer (8).
22. Knew what the illness was and met his end with a melody back in the heart (9).
25. The goddess was sick going back (5).
27. Live on, though at heart a back number (5).
28. Makes a statement including newspapers in expenses (9).
29. Rates at which the sea ebbs in seconds? (6).
30. Sticking to the book, although debts are incurred on a lot of horses (8).

DOWN

1. Spirit for a bird (6).
2. Articles for oblivion (5).
3. A book on boats for mountains (9).
4. Shooting distance for the Scots team shortened (5).
6. Pale as a female (5).
7. Drivelling organisation for making profit out of drudgery? (9).
8. Avoid one team going down, the favourites going up (8).
9. Minister with a girl on the heather (8).
15. Get rid of reversing vehicles in a part of France (9).
16. Trapped the morning before the girl is in a friend's grip (8).
17. Puritan has some drinks with froth on (9).
18. Military uniform for a female official (8).
21. Examination successes one almost has to judge after a single page (6).
23. Pound and penny make one famous (5).
24. The station has the letter in point (5).
26. Means of catching a girl with a ring (5).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 307

C	A	S	S	O	W	A	R	Y		S	T	R	A	P
O		U		A		P		A		A		E		I
C	A	N	T	R	I	P		M	O	N	O	D	O	N
K		D		I		E		A		D		P		A
S	P	I	N	N	I	N	G		M	I	D	O	F	F
		A		G		D	E		T		L		O	
C	E	L	L		F	A	S	T	B	O	W	L	E	R
A			T		G		I		N				E	
P	H	E	N	O	M	E	N	O	N		P	E	A	S
A		V		R		S		L		B		P		
R	E	A	P	E	D		G	A	L	A	X	I	E	S
I		D		A		S		T		T		C		T
S	W	I	N	D	O	N		I	N	T	R	U	D	E
O		N		O		U		N		E		R		W
N	I	G	E	R		B	E	G	I	N	N	E	R	S

PRIZEWINNERS TO No. 307

R. T. Waterfield (Ryde, IoW), P. Farries (Klang, Malaya), Graham Beeston (Newport)

WHERE TO STAY

LITTLE Guide to Village Inns, Farms, Hotels on & off the beaten track round Britain's coast & country, 5s., pge 4d. from Victor Hilton (N.S.), Harbourside, Torquay.

COTSWOLDS: Country house in lovely surroundings. Own produce. 7-7½ gns. Reduction students willing give some help. Steanbridge, Nr Stroud, Glos.

SURREY. Wonham House Hotel, Godstone, in beautiful surroundings 22 miles Lond. Ideal for wkend or restful holiday. Comf., gd. food. AA, RAC. South Godstone 217011.

OLD Norton House Hotel, on the Green of the famous seaside village, Rottingdean, Brighton. Imaginative & plentiful food; tasteful atmosphere; cent. hg. Fr. 8½ gns. Brochure. Tel. 3120. Prop. D. Chapman, MP.

S. CORNWALL. Mevagissey. B. & b. overlkg harbour. Lakeman, 5 Battery Tce.

SUSSEX. Whinriz Guest House, Horam. 12 miles Eastbourne. Everything home-made. Vegetarians welcome. From 6½ gns.

SWANAGE Vegetarian Guest House overlkg sea. Continental cooking. Children welc. Golding, 'Waveney,' Park Rd. Tel. 2804.

HILL-lovers offer hospitality in converted farmhouse, beautifully & remotely situated in heart of Welsh mountains nr Llyn Geriony dd. Modern comfort, very good food & fires. Friendly & Informal. 6 /7 gns. George & Elaine Bonner, Penrallt, Trefriw, Llanrwst 166.

PYRENEES, off the beaten track; 2 rooms, shower, kit., garden, mid-Sept. to mid-Nov., fortnight minimum. Mod. terms. Mme Bielschowsky, Boeil-Bezing, B.P., France.

WHERE TO STAY—continued

EXPLORE Cornwall on horseback. Country pub welcomes guests. B. & b. 12s. 6d. Moorland ponies & guide 6s. p. h. Box 1474.

RIVERSIDE chalet, twin beds, quiet and beautiful surroundings, B/B 8 gns. p.w. for two. 'The Pergola', Marlow-on-Thames, Bucks. Phone Marlow 347.

BLENCATHRA Guest House, Kingsdown, nr Deal. RAC approved. Own grounds. Home produce. Overlooking golf course, sea. 7/8½ gns. Kingsdown 225.

PONY Trekking among the beautiful hills of the Scottish Borders. What an ideal holiday! Season until 1 November. Brochure with pleasure from Toftcombs Hotel, Biggar.

LONDON, WC1, Ambassadors Hotel. Bed and Breakfast. Single room 28s. Double room 54s. No surcharge. Nr Kings X, Euston and St. Pancras Stns. EUS. 1456.

RECUPERATION at Higham House in 53 beautiful acres. Comfort, rest, exercise. Entirely vegetarian. Farm eggs and milk. Treatment if desired. Health lectures. Write for terms and brochure. Higham House, Salehurst, Robertsbridge, Sx. Robertsbridge 126.

BED and Breakfast guide to Great Britain. Essential for tourists. 96 pages, 2s. 10d. post free from Ramblers' Association, 48 Park Road, London, NW1.

LAKES Mans. Beaut. view, mod. furn. Reas. terms. Croft Hotel, Ambleside 2334.

BOURNEMOUTH. Connaught Court, W. Cliff. Tel.: 1944, 33 rms. 150 yards sea front; Gdns, Putting grn, Garages. Superlative food. June 9 gns. July/Aug. 10-12 gns.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

'A GIANT'S Strength': Some Thoughts on the Constitutional and Legal Positions of Trade Unions in England – A Study by the Inns of Court Conservative and Unionist Society is available from the ICCUS, 11-14 Stanhope Mews West, London, SW7. (Price 4s. 6d. – post free.)

'THE New Battle of France', R. Palme Dutt; 'Britain's Shipyards Today', Dan McGarvey, Boiler Makers' President. Labour Monthly. Post free 1s. 8d., or 9s. half yrly, from NS, 134 Ballards Lane, London, N3.

NUCLEAR arms race: LRD pamphlet, 1s. (1s. 2d. p.f.). 161 Drury Lane, WC2.

FRENCH Diary; Coal, Docks, Buses; 'Labour Research' 9d. (11d. p.f.). 161 Drury Lane, WC2.

SEARCH service. Rare and s/h. books. Johnson, Andorra, Wargrave, Berks.

ENVOI: 2s. quarterly: poetry invited. Seven Levels, North Place, Cheltenham.

RUSSIAN Book Sale – hundreds of books at half price, 28 June-12 July. Collet's, 44-45 Museum St, London, WC1.

'THE Humanist' is the journal of Scientific Humanism (monthly, 1s., p.a. 14s.). Spec. copy, 'Living with Reality', and Bertrand Russell's 'Faith of a Rationalist', free. RPA, 40 Drury Lane, WC2.

'THE Week', the brilliant survey in The Observer every Sunday, that gives you a clear perspective on a whole week's news in 15 minutes easy reading. Let The Observer put the world in your hands on Sunday.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS—continued

UNORTHODOX, witty, challenging. Madariaga's 'Democracy versus Liberty?' Out today 10s. 6d. From all booksellers. Pall Mall Press.

ALGERIA/France: the 'inside' story: 'France Observateur'; year, £2 12s., half-year, £1 8s. Cheques: 'Andrew Roth', 34 Somali Rd, NW2.

USSR Today. Keep up to date; read 'Soviet Weekly', lavishly illustrated, price 3d. Subscriptions: 3s. 3d. quarterly, from Dept N, 3 Rosary Gardens, London, SW7.

MAN'S World now contains a 32-page Male Art Photography Supplement. 1s. 6d. monthly from all newsagents.

GERMAN books in 7 rooms. Libris, 38a Boundary Rd, NW8. MAI. 3030.

BOOKS bought. Left emphasis. Van calls. Hammersmith Bookshop. W6. RIV. 6807.

SCHOOLS

BURGESS Hill School, 11 Oak Hill Park, Hampstead. Tel. HAM. 2019. Freedom & self-government for day children and weekly boarders. Small classes. Tuition fee 27½ gns.; weekly boarders, 30 gns. extra a term. Headmaster: J. East.

THE Town and Country School, 38-40 Eton Avenue, NW3 (SWI 3319). Small group weekly or full boarders accepted, boys and girls 5-18. GCE Advanced and Scholarship standard. Week-ends & sum. holidays. Hedgerley Wood, Chinnor Hill (16 acres woodland. Chiltern Hills, 750ft). Realistic approach to modern education. E. Paul, PhD; M. D. C. Graham, MA (Oxon).

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

cost 6s. per line (average six words), minimum two lines. Box number 2s. 6d. Semi-display giving greater prominence 90s. per inch. Copy by Tuesday first post can normally be inserted same week.

N.S., Great Turnstile, London, WC1 Telephone HOLborn 8471

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

THE RHODES-LIVINGSTONE INSTITUTE
NORTHERN RHODESIA

Applications are invited for up to 6 research appointments from candidates qualified in

Agricultural Economics
Education
Sociology
Human Geography

Salary scales: Research Officer (Special grade) £1,760 × £60 – £2,000 p.a., Senior Research Officer £1,450 × £50 – £1,750 p.a., Research Officer £1,050 × £50 – £1,450 p.a., Initial salary according to qualifications and experience. Provident Fund Scheme. Appointments on 3 year contract. Passages to Lusaka and return on completion of contract provided for appointee, wife and children (up to equivalent of three full passages in all). Further particulars of research projects and conditions of service obtainable from Secretary, Inter-University Council for Higher Education Overseas, 29 Woburn Square, London, WC1, to whom detailed applications (6 copies) naming 3 referees should be sent by 30 July 1958.

THE ASSOCIATION OF UNIVERSITY TEACHERS

Appointment of Executive Secretary

Applications are invited for this newly established post. The Executive Secretary will be responsible for the general administration of the work of the Association and particularly for the carrying out of its policy, which involves high-level negotiation and some public relations work.

Salary within the range £1,750 to £2,500 according to qualifications and experience, plus children's allowance and superannuation.

Further particulars may be obtained from the Honorary General Secretary, AUT, Laurie House, 21 Dawson Place, London, W2, to whom applications (8 copies) should be sent before 24 July 1958.

THE FOREIGN OFFICE

wishes to appoint a TUTOR for discussions on British policy and international relations with leaders of European public opinion at Wilton Park, Steyning, Sussex. Bilingual French essential, German desirable. Degree in History, Economics or other Social Sciences also required. The post is unestablished. Accommodation. Salary £1,140 × £30 – £1,170 × £35 – £1,310 × £40 – £1,430

APPLICATIONS BY 15 SEPT.

to Ministry of Labour and National Service, Professional and Executive Register (Reference PE1325), Atlantic House, Farringdon Street, London, EC4. Only those selected for interview will be informed.

If you can COPE and save the situation;
If you can type, write shorthand, keep him happy;
And do all this without a Chief Fixation
. . . then we have the perfect post and the perfect Chief for you. Mutual appreciation is guaranteed.
Also
Temporary work available for University students with shorthand and typing.
THE ST STEPHEN'S SECRETARIAT, 3/4 Lincoln's Inn Fields, WC2; 316 Vauxhall Bridge Road, SW1.

THE National Association for Mental Health. Duncroft, Moor Lane, Staines, Middlesex (Approved School for Senior Girls). Relief Instructress required at the above School which accepts girls of reasonably good intelligence who are in need of psychiatric treatment. Salary scales, which include equal pay increments, according to experience and qualifications. Board/Lodging is provided at a charge of £120 per annum. Inquiries to 'The Correspondent to Duncroft', 39 Queen Anne St., W1.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

BBC requires Assistant Industrial Correspondent, News Division. Duties, under general direction of Head of News Talks and Reporting Organiser, to give assistance to Industrial Correspondent who is specialist correspondent and adviser to News Division on industrial and trade union affairs. Applicants should be of proved journalistic ability; possessing qualifications to supply concise, balanced and rapid news coverage of events in field of industry and labour relations, for use in news bulletins; to deal in an informed manner with technical developments which form the background to the industrial news, and to broadcast reports effectively in Sound and Television. Salary £1,380 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by seven annual increments to £1,930 p.a. maximum. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference G.691 N.Stm.) should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W1, within five days.

AUSTRALIA – University of Sydney. Applications are invited for the position of Lecturer in German. Applicants are required to have an Honours degree in the subject of German from an English-speaking university and if possible to have spent some time in German studies at a German university. The salary for a Lecturer is within the range of £A1,500-90-£2,100 p.a. plus cost of living adjustment (at present £11 p.a. men, £8 p.a. women) and will be subject to deductions under the State Superannuation Act. The commencing salary will be fixed according to the qualifications and experience of the successful applicant. Under the Staff Members' Housing Scheme in cases approved by the University and its Bankers, married men may be assisted by loans to purchase a house. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. The closing date for the receipt of applications, in Australia & London, is 4 Aug. 1958.

AUSTRALIA – University of Tasmania. Applications are invited for the appointment of Warden of Hytten Hall, a Hall of Residence for 120 male students. The Warden will also become a member of the University department in which, by virtue of his qualifications and experience, he is qualified to lecture. Total remuneration will be within either the range for Senior Lecturers (£A2,150-60-£A2,510) or for Readers (£A2,560-60-£A2,800) according to the qualifications and experience of the appointee, and accommodation will be provided either for a married or a single man. An allowance is made towards travelling expenses. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. The closing date for the receipt of applications, in Australia and London, is 4 August 1958.

AUSTRALIA – University of Sydney. Applications are invited for the position of Lecturer in Education. The salary for a Lecturer is within the range £A1,500-90-£A2,100 per annum, plus cost of living adjustment (at present £11 p.a. men, £8 p.a. women) and will be subject to deductions under the State Superannuation Act. The commencing salary will be fixed according to the qualifications and experience of the successful applicant. Under the Staff Members' Housing Scheme in cases approved by the University and its Bankers, married men may be assisted by loans to purchase a house. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. The closing date for the receipt of applications, in Australia and London, is 4 August 1958.

AUSTRALIAN National University, Canberra. Research School of Social Sciences. Applications are invited for appointment as Fellow in the Department of History. The Fellow will work on Commonwealth History, and applicants should preferably have experience in the Afro-Asian field. The salary and range of the Fellow will be determined within the limits £A1,780 – £A2,550, and the appointment will be made for an initial period of five years; thereafter it may be made permanent. The person appointed will be entitled to one year's study leave on full pay plus contribution towards travel and other expenses in every seven years. Superannuation on the FSSU pattern will be provided and reasonable removal expenses will be paid. Further details are available from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. Applications close in Australia and London, on 14 July 1958.

TUTORS wanted, men between 25 and 40, to teach English to Summer Course on Suffolk Coast from 20 July or before until 1 September. Degree and experience essential. Salary according to experience, minimum £7 a week resident. Box 1230.

TRANSLATOR required with thorough knowledge of French, German and Spanish. The post is in the Export Department of an old established Engineering Company in the Shepherd's Bush district, and applicants should have commercial experience. Write, giving details of age, experience and salary required, to Box 1444.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

UNIVERSITY of Cape Town, South Africa. Applications are invited for the Chair of History which will be vacant from 1 January 1959. The salary scale is £1,600 × £100 – £2,000 p.a. There is also a temporary cost of living allowance for a married man (at present £234 per annum). Applications should state age, qualifications and experience and research work completed or in progress and give the names of two referees whom the University may consult. Two copies of the application should reach the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1 (from whom memoranda giving the general conditions of appointment and further information about the work of the department of History should be obtained) not later than 28 July 1958. An additional copy should be sent direct by air mail to the Registrar, University of Cape Town, Private Bag, Rondebosch, Cape Town, South Africa, by the same date. The University reserves the right to appoint a person other than one of the applicants or to make no appointment.

THE University of New England, New South Wales, Australia. Associate Professor of Statistics. Applications are invited for appointment as Associate Professor of Statistics in the Faculty of Agricultural Economics. Applicants should possess qualifications in economic statistics or econometrics although specialised experience in the field of agricultural economics is not essential. The successful applicant will be expected to commence tuition of a course in statistical methods for undergraduate students in March 1959, and to offer in later years a more advanced course embracing the theory of statistics. The duties will also include some tuition of graduate students. The salary for an Associate Professor is £A2750 plus cost of living allowance at present amounting to £A11 (males) and £A9 (females). Further information and the conditions of appointment may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. Applications will close on 31 July 1958.

AUSTRALIA – University of Sydney. Applications are invited for the position of Lecturer in Mathematical Statistics. The salary for a Lecturer is within the range £A1,500 × £90 – £2,100 per annum, plus cost of living adjustment (at present £11 per annum for men, £8 per annum for women), and will be subject to deductions under the State Superannuation Act. The commencing salary will be fixed according to the qualifications and experience of the successful applicant. Under the Staff Members' Housing Scheme in cases approved by the University and its Bankers, married men may be assisted by loans to purchase a house. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. The closing date for the receipt of applications, in Australia and London, is 2 August 1958.

THE University of New England, New South Wales, Australia. Lecturer in Agricultural Economics or Farm Management. Applications are invited from suitably qualified persons for appointment as Lecturer in the Faculty of Agricultural Economics. The successful applicant will be expected to lecture to undergraduate students in agricultural economics or farm management and to undertake research into the economics or management problems of rural industries. Some graduate tuition may also be involved. The salary range for a Lecturer is £A1500 × 90-£A2050 plus a cost of living allowance at present amounting to £A11 (males) and £A9 (females). Further information and the conditions of appointment may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. Applications will close on 31 July 1958.

HOME Office Children's Department. Inspector Grade II. Pensionable post for man or woman at least 28 on 1/6/58 with wide experience of social conditions and behaviour problems of children and young people. University degree or appropriate diploma or certificate or recognised training in social or educational work an advantage. Duties: inspection of children's homes, nurseries, approved schools, etc.; training child care workers. National salary scale (men) £1,220—£1,528. Write Civil Service Commission, 6 Burlington Gardens, London, W1 for application form quoting No. 4852/58. Closing date 16 July 1958.

DARTINGTON Hall School, Totnes, Devon. Wanted in September, for 10-year-old group (boys & girls, day & boarding), yng trained teacher, pref. woman, resident.

DUNOTTAR School, Reigate, Surrey. (Recognised Day and Boarding School for Girls.) Required in September, young, trained, resident graduate mistress for English in VIth Form and to share English throughout. Some additional subject useful. Burnham Scale, Government superannuation.

TWO resident certificated teachers required as from September next in independent co-ed school for 46 maladjusted children to share junior class subjects plus handicrafts. Some working knowledge of this type of work would be an asset. For further particulars, applicants should apply in writing, stating experience and salary required to: The Principal, Bylands School, Streatfield Turgis, nr Basingstoke. Tel. No. Turgis Green 262.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

THE University of Sheffield. Applications are invited for a post of Assistant Lecturer in English Literature to begin duties on 1 October 1958 or as soon as possible thereafter. Initial salary on the scale £700 × 50-850, according to qualifications and experience. FSSU provision and family allowance. Further information may be obtained from the Registrar, to whom applications (3 copies) should be sent by 12 July 1958.

INSTITUTE for the training of teachers (Jew's College, London. Applications are invited for part-time lecturers (mornings or afternoons) to prepare students for the B.A. General Degree of the University of London in the following subjects: English, French, Latin and Maths. For further particulars, hours, remuneration etc. apply to The Principal: 11 Montagu Place, W1. Telephone PAD. 2041/2.

KODAK Ltd require advertising copywriter. Experience not necessary but evidence of writing ability must be sent with application. Write Kodak Ltd, Dept 125A, Wealdstone, Harrow, Middx.

CAMBRIDGESHIRE Education Committee. The Village College, Melbourn. Appointment of Warden. Applications are invited from well-qualified graduates for the appointment of Warden of Melbourn Village College which is expected to open at Easter, 1959, with about 250 boys and girls in the Secondary Modern School increasing in the following September to about 310 (Burnham Group VI). The Warden will be required to begin duty on 1 January, 1959. The Cambridgeshire Village Colleges can briefly be described as Community Centres containing Secondary Modern Schools, and accommodation reserved and furnished for the sole use of young people and adults of the groups of villages they serve. The Warden is the Head of the School, and has general oversight of the programme of Further Education in the area served by the College. He is assisted in this latter work by an organising Tutor for Further Education. His salary is in accordance with the Burnham Scales for Teachers in Secondary Schools, plus £200 a year for the supervision of Further Education (recognised for superannuation by the Ministry of Education). A house will be available at a reasonable rent. Forms of application (and statement of particulars) can be obtained from the Chief Education Officer, Shire Hall, Cambridge, to whom they should be returned by 12 July 1958. G. D. Edwards, Chief Education Officer.

MIDDLESEX County Council – County Health Department. Psychiatric Social Workers for both pre- and after-care in Community Care Service, reqd initially in East Division, Tottenham; West Division, Yiewsley and Central Division, Willesden. Good office accommodation and clerical assistance available. Position offers scope and interest in this field of psychiatric social work. P.T.A. quals. and salary. Established, subject to medical assessment. Prescribed conditions. Car allowance considered. Apply stating age, quals. exper. and names of two referees to County Medical Officer (Ref. 'S'), 3, 5 & 7, Old Queen Street, SW1, by 5 July. (Quote X.688 NS). Canvassing disqualifies.

CITY of Leeds Care of Children Department. Child Care Officer (Male) Re-advertisement. Applications are invited from persons holding Child Care Certificate or similar qualifications and experienced in work associated with child care, for the post of Child Care Officer. Duties include supervision of boys placed with foster parents, obtaining foster homes and good lodgings, Approved School after care and other supervision as may be required. A thorough understanding of casework principles is required. Applicants should have a knowledge of duties involved and understanding of the needs of children deprived of a normal home life. Salary Scale Apt I (£575 to £725 per annum). Application forms and full particulars may be obtained from the Children's Officer, 229 Woodhouse Lane, Leeds, 2, to whom they should be returned as soon as possible on completion.

THE University of Leeds Appointments Board. Applications are invited from graduates for appointment as an Assistant Secretary to the Appointments Board at a salary on the scale £900 × £50—£1,350 (efficiency bar) × £75 – £1,650 a year. The appointment may be made above the minimum salary on the scale. Candidates should preferably have had several years' experience in teaching or in industry. Applications (three copies) stating date of birth, qualifications and experience, together with the names of three referees, should reach the Registrar, The University, Leeds 2 (from whom further particulars may be obtained) not later than 21 July 1958.

BERKSHIRE County Council. Berkshire Education Committee. Applications are invited from suitably qualified persons for third post of Psychiatric Social Worker in the Berkshire Child Guidance Service vacant from September. Salary scale (Whitley) £585 × £25 – £810. Clerical assistance available. Car can be provided, or allowance given for use of own car. Application form, to be returned within 14 days, and further particulars may be obtained from Director of Education (Dept. ES1), Shire Hall, Reading.

RADIOGRAPHER (whole- or part-time) required. Sole charge post. Further particulars from Chief Physician, Chest Clinic, Upton Hospital, Bucks.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

COUNTY Borough of Southampton. Child Guidance Clinic. Applications are invited for the post of educational psychologist, for work in Clinic and schools. The vacancy arises because of the promotion to a senior appointment of one of the present psychologists. Candidates should have an Honours Degree in Psychology or equivalent qualifications, postgraduate training in Child Guidance, and teaching experience. Salary Soulbury Grade II. Application forms and further particulars obtainable from the Medical Officer of Health, Civic Centre, Southampton.

COUNTY Borough of East Ham. Applications are invited for the appointment of a Child Care Officer. Salary £575 rising to £725 per annum (APT I). Duties include preventive work as well as supervision of children boarded out, adoption and juvenile court work. Home Office Child Care Certificate or Social Science Diploma an advantage. Application forms obtainable from the Town Clerk, Town Hall, East Ham, E6, returnable by 11 July 1958.

OFFICE administration in expanding college of further education – a post offering scope to candidates with a university standard of education, secretarial training and an interest in the education of adults and teenagers. Salary scale, £605 – £755 p.a. Applications, giving two referees, to the Principal, South Herts College of Further Education, Wood Street, Barnet, Herts.

PSYCHIATRIC Social Worker required for Department of Child Psychiatry. Vacant 1 October 1958. Psycho-analytic experience or training considered an advantage. Applications to Medical Director, West Middlesex Hospital, Isleworth, Middlesex. Closing date 26 July 1958.

CLUB leaders, man and woman required for mixed youth club with junior section in West London. Attractive premises. Commencing salary according to qualifications. Superannuation scheme. Apply with full details of experience to the Organising Secretary, Feathers Clubs Association, 29 Mulready Street, London, NW8.

ASSISTANT Housemothers, resident, required for interesting work in Children's Homes with boys and girls aged 5-15 years. Training or experience desirable but not essential. Separate bedroom and good holidays. Minimum salary £30 16s 8d per month, less valuation of emoluments. Apply Children's Officer, County Hall, Chelmsford.

HOUSE parents reqd Sept. adolescent spastic centre, married couple consid. Apply Warden, Coombe Farm Residential Centre, Oaks Rd, Croydon, Addiscombe 2310.

COUNTY Council of Essex. Children's Department. Assistant Supervisor of Children's Homes. Applications invited from suitably qualified women for post of Assistant Supervisor of Children's Homes, APTD. I. Duties include case work with children in homes, and preference will be given to candidates with a university qualification in Child Care or Social Science. Experience of residential work with children an advantage. Particulars and application forms from Children's Officer, County Hall, Chelmsford.

ST CHRISTOPHER School, Letchworth. Two Assistant Matrons required September. One for a boarding house of boys and girls aged 12 to 13, the other for boys and girls 13 to 14; working with others under House Mother. Salary according to age and experience. Opportunity to join in life of co-educational boarding school situated on edge of Garden City, easy reach London and Cambridge. Apply: The Secretary.

HOUSEMOTHERS wanted now and in September for interesting and worthwhile work with blind children. Should be under 40, energetic, normal and happy people with experience of young children. Able to be 'parent' to a small group of 5-6 blind children aged 4 to 8 yrs. Apply with references to Court Grange, Abbotskerswell, S. Devon. (Branch of the Royal National Institute for the Blind.)

APPLICATIONS are invited for the post of Bursar of Walthamstow Hall, Sevenoaks (Direct Grant Grammar School for girls, with junior department – numbers approximately 400 day and 120 boarders). Vacant January or earlier. Experience and knowledge of accountancy essential. No catering or domestic duties. Non-resident, salary according to experience. Further particulars and application form, which should be returned as soon as possible, from the Clerk to the Governors, Livingstone House, 42 Broadway, London, SW1.

ST CHRISTOPHER School, Letchworth, the largest vegetarian residential community in the country will shortly require a Trained Cook. This is an exceptional opportunity for a woman of the right qualities and experience. Further particulars from the Caterer.

YOUTH Club Leader required for mixed and girls' work. Warden also required. Further particulars and application forms from Beauchamp Lodge Settlement, 2 Warwick Crescent (Paddington), London, W2.

ORGANISING Secretary (woman not over 45) reqd residential hostels which train and employ disabled girls in fine needlework. London area. Admin. ability and interest in soc. work. Apply Box 1393.

THE Vocational Guidance Association, 37a Devonshire St, London, W1. WEL. 8017.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

MANAGER/Manageress required for Coffee House opening shortly in the West End. Catering experience an advantage, but not essential. Salary £600 plus percentage. Write to Box 1545.

SECRETARY shorthand/typist required for Production Manager of West End Publishing House. Five day week. Staff canteen on premises. Non-contributory pension scheme. Salary £475 to £525 according to age, qualifications and experience. Write giving details to Box 1550.

SECRETARY required by Social Service organisation. Money raising, book-keeping, correspondence etc. Initiative and responsibility. 5 day week. Salary according to age and experience. Would suit married woman. Details from Family Service Unit, 36, Colville Terrace, Kensington, W.11 (BAYswater 6357).

KENT Education Committee. Halstead Place Boarding Special School, Nr Sevenoaks (120 educationally subnormal boys 11-16). New school, excellent accommodation. Assistant Matron required. Some nursing experience essential. Main responsibility under Headmaster and Matron, for sick bay, clothing, etc. Salary £450 × £20(4) – £530, less £116 board, lodging and laundry.

TEEN Canteen Manager wanted, Elephant & Castle area. Mainly evenings. Previous experience Youth Work desirable. Personality counts. £550 p.a. Write giving full particulars to Box 1534.

HOLIDAY relief work for shorthand and copy typists, few days, a week or longer. Details Cranbourn Agency, 42 Cranbourn Street, Leicester Square. GER. 3249.

SECRETARY to work in Spain! & many interesting temporary secretarial posts! MET. 8533.

PERSONAL Secretary, 25/35, for Director of Publicity. Salary to £650. Portman Bureau, 78 George St, W1. HUN. 0676.

DOUGLAS Glass, photographer, reqs personal secretary with some exec. ability. Apply in writing 43 Black Lion Lane, W6.

CONFIDENTIAL Secretary, male or female, with bookkeeping ability, required immediately for new offices West End. Phone for appointment, CLE. 1625.

PERSONAL Secretary to Education Officer required in national voluntary organisation working in human relations field. Medium range salary for interesting and responsible work. Write Council of Christians and Jews, 162a Strand, WC2.

RECEPTIONIST with typing required. Legal Office with TU connections. 5-day week. Modern office. Box 1512.

WELL-qualified & intelligent secretary reqd for interesting temp. post. Portman Bureau, 78 George St, W1. HUN. 0677.

TEMPORARY Secretarial Post? Ring MAY 6336. Savoy Agency, 487 Oxford St, W1.

EXP. cook-housekeeper – July. 20 young French boys. Holiday house in Chilterns. £7 per week. Paul, 38 Eton Avenue, NW3. SWI. 3391.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

SOCIAL worker (f.), 24; BA Soc. Studies & practical experience, seeks part-time voluntary work London. Box 1168.

DOES any struggling society or organisation want the services of retired civil servant, aged 48, widely travelled, intellectual. £7 p.w. accepted for suitable offer. Box 573.

LITERATE science graduate, female, early thirties, seeks job where wide reading, experience, would be useful. Chartered librarian, some editorial experience, smattering of usual languages. Box 1194.

PART-time job reqd by young man (23), London. Anything considered. Box 1375.

MIDDLE-aged widow, family departed, seeks part-time social work to fill the gap. Ready to start October. Practical experience with children, no diplomas. Any suggestions? All replies answered. Box 1442.

ITALIAN student seeks work evenings and weekends. Anything legal considered. GER. 2772, 2-5 p.m.

COUPLE, mature, well-read, travelled and adaptable, want interesting job. Husband formerly RC priest. Box 1500.

GERMAN engineering student seeks employment Aug. & Sept. 3 years' experience draughting (1 yr in USA). Box 1537.

TEACHER painting, pottery, sculpture, seeks part-time &/or evg. work. Sept. London area. Any suggestions. Box 1434.

PSYCHOLOGY Honours Graduate seeks part-time employment. Box 1475.

STELLA Fisher Bureau invites inquiries from employers requiring administrative or secretarial staff of either sex. 436 Strand, WC2. TEM. 6644.

ACCOMMODATION VACANT

BARNES. Own kitchen with Ascot & frig. & 2 furn. rooms. Suit 2 yng ladies or mother & daughter. £2 each wkly. Box 1239.

FLAT, large rooms, superb view, top Notting Hill, share with man for £3½ p.w. PAR. 0379 after 9 p.m. Vacant 21 June.

ACCOMMODATION VACANT—continued

S/C nicely furnished flat, large bed sitting-room, mod. kitchen, bathroom, low rent, suit 2, quiet house. LAD. 3031.

BOARDING accommodation with social amenities for ladies & gentlemen under 35, from 52s. 6d. to 90s. partial board. Applic. forms & information: Belsize Residential Clubs, 13 Belsize Ave, NW3.

HIGHGATE. Flat, 2 divan bed-sits, kit., etc. With bkfast if reqd. MOU. 3676.

COMF. bed-sitting room, for one or couple. In modern block, cen. h. & h.w., nr tube. Share k. & b., one lady. PRI. 3112.

BEDSITTER for 2 friends sharing, all mod. cons. BAY. 3001 evenings.

BY Selfridges. Contemp. furn. 1-rm. s/c flat. Phone, sep. kit., share bath. 1 prof. person. £4 p.w. HUN. 0628 after 4.

OVERLOOKING Regent's Park. Large furn. room, use kit., etc., in private flat. Parking space. Reasonable rent. Box 1243.

UNUSUALLY charming rm for gentleman in decadent Maida Vale. Gas ring, c.h.w., bath, linen, serv. Kenyon-Dyson, CUN. 9665.

HIGHGATE. Furnished flat, suit two business people. 5 gns. MOU. 3676.

TO let, 3 rm s/c. flat, SW10, 6 wks. from end July. 6 gns. weekly. Box 1422.

5 Aug.-10 Sept., house, whole or part, large garden, nr East Putney Stn, fully furnished and equipped; sleeps up to 6 persons. Daily help if reqd. Box 1439.

ARTIST'S shabby house, W11, to let August. Cheap. Box 1409.

COMF. single bed-sit., c.h.w., linen, service, tel. Off Finchley Rd. Profess. or business man only. Tel. HAM. 0720.

MUSWELL Hill. Bright bed-sit., clsg. fclts. Own basin. Gentleman. 35s. TUD. 3474.

30s. p.w. to quiet tenant. Comf. bed sitting-room, overlooking garden. 13 mins. London Bridge, also good buses. Box 1527.

2 RM. flatlet, SW4, mid-July to 13 Sept. 2 bed, linen, £3. Box 1538.

LOVELY large bed-sitting room in happy family house. Full board. 5½ gns. WEMbley 8932.

BEDSITTER, amenities, central NW6 flat, prof/bus. person. MAI. 3649 p.m.

SMALL room. Small house. Small rent. Excellent pied-à-terre. LADbroke 5118.

TO let. Furn. flatlet, sep. kit., gas stove, h. & c. Crouch End. FIT. 0773.

BEAU. furn. dble bedsit. & kit./dinette, meter. Priv. hse. £3 10s. TUD. 7104.

SGL, contemp. divan room, use kit. &c. in priv. home. £2 15s. GLA. 2624 weekend.

GIRL offers share pleasant flat till 1 Aug. 32s. p.w. ADV. 5287.

BARNET s/c. furn. flat. Lge bed-sit., own k., b. Nr. tube. Aug. only. Box 1451.

FURN. S/c flat: bed/sit., kitchen/dinette, own bath, sep. w.c., telephone. Pleasant resid. dist. near Golders Green. 'Phone (not Sats) FIN. 0305. 4 Arden Rd, N3.

HOUSEBOAT, Chelsea, 4 rooms, k. bath. Sleep 6. 18 gns. p.w. Box 1461.

CONGENIAL atmosphere, musical/lit. interests. Single room 50s. Also small 1-rm flatlet (no sep. kit.), nr Baker St. 70s. HAM. 8109, evenings/weekends.

NEWLY furn. & decorated double divan bed-sitting room, use of bathroom, suitable for 2 gentlemen students. 'Phone AMH. 9441 mornings until 2.30, evgs after 6.30.

PROF. lady offers share charming Hamp. flat. Newly dec., lavishly equipped. Own lge divan sittingrm, share kit., bath, fridge, phone, etc. £3 10s. p.w. Box 1477.

SINGLE room, nicely furnished, good cooking fac. H. & c. 52s. 6d. LAD. 3031.

HAMPSTEAD lge garden rm. private flat single or dble. Till Oct. HAM. 9609.

TO let furn. sngl. bedsit. & kit., gas, elec., close Angel tube, 40s. p.w. Phone Oliver, CAN. 5094 in business hours.

COUNTRY Cottage, sleep 4 adults, in Lammermuirs beauty spot. Fishing, etc., etc., 4 gns. weekly from 6 September: Graham, Longformacus, Berwickshire.

FURN. bungalow, free 12 to 19 July, 9 to 16 Aug. and 6 Sept. onwards 'Cornerways', Landividdy Lane, Polperro, Cornwall.

MODERNISED furnished cottage beside West Looe River to let from 5 to 19 July and 6 Sept. onwards. Shallowpool, nr Looe, Cornwall. Phone Looe 278.

USK Valley. Lge. mod. country cottage 700ft Sheltered but magnif. panorama 6 counties. Close Wye V. Sleep 4/7. Avail. 2/3 wks. mid. Aug.-mid. Sept. Box 1533.

CORNWALL. Small furnished rural cottage to let. £2 a week summer, £1 a week winter. Permanent. Box 1463.

EDINBURGH Univ. Lect. 2-bedroom flat rent/exch. other London 4-6 wks. July-Aug. Box 1252.

ACCOMMODATION WANTED

AMERICAN research stud. & wife req. sml furn. London flat from July. Box 1296.

ACCOMMODATION WANTED—continued

UNIV. lecturer, two small children, requires furn./unfurn. house/flat, London area, Aug./Sept. for two years. Box 1289.

UNFURNISHED flat required. 1 hr city. Business lady. Rent in advance. Davies. BIS. 5614 (not Sats).

UNIVERSITY professor, wife, 3 children want furnished flat or house London, 3 bedrooms, for 1 year beginning September. Rent or exchange 4 bedroomed house Bramhall, Manchester. Box 1357.

AUTHORESS requires unfurn. flat, NW8, W2, W11, pref. in square; quiet essential; one large, one smaller room, k. & b. No prem, rent £200-£250 incl. or up to £300-£350 with cent. htg. Or might rent maisonnette from anr prof. woman. Box 1476.

CIVIL Servant and Art Teacher require studio or large unfurnished room, plus simple living accom. N. NW areas. Box 1458.

PROFESSIONAL couple require civilised s/c furn. flat in Canonbury or thereabouts. 3 to 4 gns. Box 1486.

HARVARD Professor, wife and child want 3 or 4 room flat, central and central-heated, 1 Aug.-1 Dec. KIN. 6560.

GIRL wishing to share with others seeks vacancy Central London. Tel. after 6 p.m. FUL. 9372.

PROPERTIES TO LET AND WANTED

NICE tenants wanted for all elec. modernised, furnished, thatched cottage near Yarmouth, Isle of Wight, from mid-September. Reasonable rent. Box 1192.

FAMILY of four planning spend 15 Jan.-15 May (approx.) on or near French Med. coast. Take house, cottage or (socialist) en famille. Tourist attractions unnecessary. Limited resources. Suggestions? Write Air Mail, Box 934, Wellington, N.Z.

PROPERTIES AND LAND FOR SALE

DELIGHTFUL but delapidated Georgian house in village 40 miles from London. Walled garden, main drainage, water, electricity. Bank House, Watlington, Oxon. For key or anything else apply Jabez Stanmore, Jasmin Cottage, Cuxham Rd.

HIGHGATE (Nr). Fhld. hse., converted, rural posn. £3,200 o.n.o. Box 1052.

COTTAGE £650 or two £1,000. Charming vil. in fold of hills. 3 m. Audley End (main line Lond.-Camb. ½ hr L'pool St). Each 4 rooms, e. & w. on site, no mod. con. View Holland, Bldr, Arkesden. Then phone CHA. 7000.

18TH C. shipwright's terrace cottage overlkg river. Imaginative conversion needs N.S.-minded owner. £2,000. Mrs Delamont, 2 Copperhill, Hamble, Southampton.

COTTAGE in unspoilable Green Belt 17 miles north £1,950. Roydon 3147 w-end.

BOURNEMOUTH: Luxurious flats for sale overlooking County Cricket Grnd. From £3,500. Mr Wood, 43 Oxford Rd, B'mouth.

UNUSUAL home – comfortable houseboat, 5 cabins, bath, stoves, engine. Sound. Daily reach London. £850 o.n.o. Box 1487.

E. SUSSEX 3½ acres mainly woodland, 12 miles coast. 50-ft well. £350. Box 1396.

CATFORD. Well-built Edwardian house. 8 rooms and bathroom. Arranged as two flats. Garden. £2,500. Box 1489.

W. SUSSEX. Plot of land ¼ acre for sale. Heather, woodland. £550. Box 1369.

TYPING AND TRANSLATIONS

DUPLICATING, Typewriting & all secretarial Services. Circularising. Dictation by telephone. Music copying. Apollo Agency, 18 Hanover St, W1. MAY 5091.

ALL Types of Typewriting and Duplicating done directly. MSS., Plays, Scripts, Short Stories, etc. Speed is the keynote of our efficient, faultless, inexpensive service. Colinad Co., Ltd. 117 City Rd, EC1. CLE. 9637 (5 doors from Old St Tube Stn).

JEAN McDougall for typing, translations, 24-hour duplication service. 31 Kensington Church St, London, W8. WES. 5809.

DUPLICATING and Typing (Stenorette tapes). Chelsea Copying Office, 43 King's Road, SW3. Telephone SLOane 6195/6.

FOR rapid and reliable duplicating & typing reports theses, references, etc. Abbey Secretarial Bureau, 4 Victoria Street, SW1. ABB 3772. Rush jobs.

TELEPHONE dictation, tapes transcribed, technical and scientific papers accurately typed; aavilable until 10.30 p.m. 'Phone HUNter 1468/9.

SUSAN Tully Secretarial Service. Complete range high quality typewriting, duplicating, 63 Wigmore St, W1. HUN. 9893.

GRUNDIG Stenorette/copy typist, own machines, undertakes work at home by post. Quick, accurate, reasonable. Box 1424.

RUSSIAN: translations by experienced translator. 40s per 1,000 words. Rom, 165 Hills Road, Cambridge.

FOOD AND DRINK

LIBERALS! (And others). Here is an issue on which everyone accepts the liberal point of view. Duff Gordon's El Cid is such a good sherry, it demands liberality.

SUMMER SCHOOLS—cont. from p. 852

SUMMER Film School, British Film Institute. Morning lectures by visiting film celebrities, afternoon film-making, evening film programmes. At High Leigh, Herts. Aug. 9-22. Single room accom. Brochure from BFI, 9 Gt Russell St, WC1. COV. 2801.

FRENCH-English holiday in Chilterns. Small group Eng. boys and girls (aged 12-15) interested in mixing with French group welcome in Aug. at country house of Town and Country School, 38, Eton Avenue, NW3.

COLOUR, a basic course: with Victor and Wendy Pasmore visiting tutors, taken by Maurice de Sausmarez & Harry Thrubron at Braziers, Ipsden, Oxon. 22-29 Aug.

HOUSE Party Holidays. Enjoy an informal, inexpensive house party by the sea in Britain either for weekends or for longer holidays, or join a Continental house party in Italy, Switzerland, Sweden or Austria. Opportunities for foreign language practice. Costs from £2 15s. in Britain or from 27½ gns. abroad. Erna Low, 47(HP) Old Brompton Rd, London, SW7. KEN. 0911.

ST Peter's Loft, St Ives, Cornwall. Fine Art training studio, Workshop & Pottery, Peter Lanyon-William Redgrave. Drawing, Painting Portraiture, Still-Life, Abstraction, Landscape, Preparation of materials. Lectures, Pottery. Accom. arranged.

NEWLYN Holiday Sketching Group, 5 May to 12 Sept. 1958. Daily expeditions with tuition. Large studio. Beginners welcomed. Book for week, fortnight or longer. Prospectus from Director, Gernick Field Studio, Newlyn, Penzance, Cornwall.

PERSONAL

PHYSIOTHERAPY
massage, manipulation, stimulating nerve treatment, relaxation therapy in cases of anxiety, irritability, nervous tension, stress and strain, fatigue and physical debility. Recommended by medical profession. Ask for brochure.
THE NERVE CENTRE
87 Westbourne Terrace, London, W2
AMB. 4041

ANGLO-Swiss master teaching at Swiss grammar school wishes stay as paying guest with cheerful family, London or South Coast, three weeks August. Write Zellweger, 5 Montarina, Lugano, Switzerland.

WOULD family, pref. N. London, offer accom. to journalist mother & year-old baby, plus daytime care of child, for reas. fee? Pratt, 574 Greenford Rd, Greenford.

PARIS American family, one five-year-old boy, spending summer in London from mid-July, seeks English girl as mother's help for the period. Live in. Please write all partics inclg financial requirements Box 1376.

YOUNG Frenchman, 27, working know. English, Portugese, typist, sks p/t or full-time post. Lived 2 years in London. Box 1255.

SECRETARIAL work, book-keeping, typing (own machine), at my own or client's address. Box 1146.

ERRANDS in Italy run by resident Anglo-Austrian. Dr W. de Roberto, Via Eritrea, Treviso.

SUMMER job/hol. sought by 2 yg girl grad. teachers pref. abroad, sep./tog. Widely trav., init., langs. Box 1366.

ART Student varied exp. requires responsible vac. job. Do anything. Box 1388.

YOUNG man (27) personable & experienced seeks position preferably abroad as secretary/companion. Box 1456.

YOUNG ex-RN Flying Officer seeks assistance to qualify for private pilot's licence. Invites gentleman to loan £150 fees in return for which he is willing to act as private pilot or any other reasonable service. References. Box 1473.

BACH. 28 with car sks m. share exps Italy via Brussels 4 July-5 Aug. KEN 2706.

YOUNG man (29) seeks companion (m) for holiday in Amsterdam, approximately 19 July-2 August. Box 1382.

DRIVER, Austria/N. Italy, 3 wks. Sept., wd. like companion share costs. Box 1521.

L'POOL area, young gent, 30, car, sks companion (m.) for week's holiday comm. 5 July. Share exp. touring? Box 1497.

CANAL cruise London-Worcester-Wolverhampton, by narrowboat. Mixed party needs bachelor crew. 2-10 or 2-16 Aug. Modest expenses. Box 1430.

JUGOSLAVIA informal tour 26 July-1 Sept. Small coach, 5 vacant seats. Road travel only. £25. Box 1381.

MIDLAND bachelor (25) sks middlebrow companion (m) hols, wkends. Box 1355.

SHOREHAM-by-Sea. Tiny flat to let, fully equipped. Service/meals if required. 'Phone 3514. Box 1068.

MISS Ollivier, Colonic lavage. Stimulating. MAY. 1085, open evenings.

C'EST pas cher! Rely on Riviera Parker! A flat, house for holiday 2 wks or for ever. Parker, 1 Rue Brûlée, Antibes, A.M.

LONDON Contact Lens Centres, 66 New Cavendish Street, W1. Booklet sent. Def. terms. Branches: Oxford, Cambridge, Ipswich, Paris.

PERSONAL—continued

EXCH. Gdn Flat Hampstead, sleep 4, sim. sea 16-31 Aug. 2 Crossfield Rd, NW3.

AUTHORITATIVE Reports on MSS; Book Reviews; Proof-reading; Indexing; Rewriting. All kinds of literary work undertaken by lady with publishing exp. Box 1529.

DENMARK Coast: Details of attractive furn. house unexpectedly to let 1 Aug.-15 Sept. from 11A Bernard Gdns, SW19.

FURN. flat sleep 5, tel., garden, etc., baby-sitting avail. London, N13. 27 July-17 August. 10 gns. p.w. incl. Box 1411.

GIRL aged seventeen wants holiday job with family. Box 1275.

TWO seats available Ford Consul going Continent end July, 17 days, co-driver preferred. WES. 4273.

BACHELOR (m.) late 30's, seeks male companion for holiday. July-Aug. Box 1385.

ROMANY caravan for sale or exch. for 3-berth mod. caravan. Detls MOU. 2340.

GRUNDIG recorder/transcriber, foot-control earphones, microphone. Cost £115. Offers. HAM. 9609.

YOUNG man (31) seeks companion (m) for August Bank Holiday visit to Brussels Exhibition. Travelling by air. Box 1372.

GERMAN girl student (19) seeks exchange or au pair, 25 July to 5 Sept. Traute Gross, Werderstr. 39, Heidelberg.

ADVERTISER with ideas, plays, comedies, etc., sks lit/mus. co-operation. Box 1199.

COLOUR, a basic course: see Braziers under 'Summer Schools'.

ART classes held in professional artist's studio. St John's Wood. Box 1395.

IMPRESSIONIST/Mod. French pictures sght for priv. col'r.AMB 8677. Box 1365.

FREEDOM, peace and happiness—What holds the world back? Hear Progressive League views and give yours. Write Secretary (C), 20 Buckingham St, WC2.

DARLING, Daddy furious because you borrowed the autographed copy of 'Endymion' and his new National Benzole road maps. Please return maps at once.—Judy.

WANDERLUST economically and efficiently nourished with appropriate tickets, etc., by Protravel, 12 Gt Castle St, Oxford Circus, London, W1 (behind Peter Robinson). LANgham 3101. No booking fees.

THE Homosexual Law Reform Society now exists, to work for the implementation of the major Wolfenden proposal. Details from Hon. Sec., 219 Liverpool Road, London, N1.

UP The Creek—or across the Channel—Atalanta, Fairey Marine's wonderful 26-foot sailing cruiser, will take your whole family in comfort and safety for the finest holidays you've ever known. Use Atalanta as a caravan to trail to your cruising grounds and home again. Atalanta's cost is only £1,675, plus sails, and engine if required. Extended credit terms are available of course. Write for literature to Dept. ATA8, Fairey Marine, Ltd., Hamble, Hants.

CAMERA repairs for amateurs and professionals. Also good selection of s/h equipment. Camera Advice Centre, 54 Park Road (cont. Baker St), NW1.

CONWAY Hall. Available for Meetings, Concerts, Priv. Theatricals; capacity 500. Dances 250. Excellent acoustics for recordings. Also small Hall & Comtte. Rooms. Apply: Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., WC1.

DEANER Printers, Ltd., for printing of Reports, Pamphlets, Leaflets & all Commercial Stationery, etc. 49 Hackney Rd, E2. SHOreditch 3889/6040.

CHRONIC catarrh, commonest of all disease conditions, is rooted in a toxic state of the system, and is the enemy of fitness, activity and mental efficiency. Garlisol (non-taint) Garlic Tablets liquefy catarrh and purify and clear the entire system. Entirely harmless and benevolent with no drug reaction on the heart or any other organ. Not habit-forming. Send 52s. 6d. for 1,000 Garlisol Tablets (six months' treatment) with informative booklet of dietary advice. Garlisol Company, Fairlight, Sussex.

THE Edinburgh School of Natural Therapeutics. Now enrolling for new class to begin this autumn. Prospectus from Secretary, Kingston, Edinburgh 9.

ALEXANDER Technique. Eric de Peyer, 7 Wellington Sq., SW3. SLO. 3141.

PLANNED Family Requisites. List s.a.e. Surgical Stores, 10a Dartmouth Rd, SE23.

10% discount to readers. All household electrical goods, fridges, hi-fi, radios, TV, etc. MOU. 6597.

CHILDREN'S Seaside Holiday School. Every care. 4-12 yrs. Thanet House, 18 Callis Court Rd, Broadstairs. Thanet 62783.

HOLIDAY Help; foreign girls seek 'au pair' posts July-Oct. Anglo-Continental Bureau, 148 Walton St, SW3. KEN. 1586.

WRITE for Profit. Send today for interesting free booklet. The Regent Institute (Dept. E./191), Palace Gate, London, W8.

PHILIP Humphreys, Psychologist, 69 Prince's Gate, S. Kensington, SW7. KENsington 8042.

PERSONAL—continued

NICE, South of France. Furnished double bedroom and sitting-room, use bathroom and kitchen. Near sea front. Rent £4 per week. Write Miss Ivanova, 33 Ladbroke Road, London, W11.

EARN Money Songwriting. Interesting free book tells how. Send 2d. stamp to Linton School of Songwriting (Desk N), 20, Denmark Street, London, WC2.

BOYS and Girls enjoy holidays 1958 at Pippins, Axminster, 23 July to 3 Sept. Strachan, Creek Vean, Feock, Truro, C'wall.

SPEECH and Voice Training; Stage and TV actress gives private tuition. Write BCM/LHKQ, London, W1.

LYRICS and sketches required. Scripts to Irving Theatre, Leicester Square, WC2.

JOURNALIST writes speeches, reports, articles, etc. Write Box 6993.

PLANNED Families Booklet free. Write Court Surgical Stores, Ltd, 12 Marriott's Court, Manchester, for price list of our surgical goods, etc.

RESIDENT domestic helps from abroad; Beckenham Bureau: Beckenham 8329.

HUMANISM—a modern outlook. Write to Ethical Un. 13 Prince of Wales Tce, W8.

FOREIGN girls, domesticated and willing, long/short periods available. Eductour, 10 Exhibition Rd, SW7. KNI. 4132.

TYPEWRITERS, Modern Portable machines for hire from £1 monthly. Tel. Robert Ropkins. WEL. 6655 for details.

DUREX gloves and rubber surgical appliances sent under plain cover. Write or call for our free price list now. Fiertag, Dept. N.N., 34 Wardour St, London, W1.

IMPECUNIOUS But Aesthetic? Please send for catalogue: Margery Dean, Wivenhoe, Essex. Good inexpensive antiques.

BURGESS Hill School Camp near Livorno, Italy. 29 July to 28 Aug. Inclusive fee 40 gns. Apply: The Secretary, Burgess Hill School, 11 Oak Hill Park, NW3.

HOLIDAY TRAVEL

STILL A FEW
HIGH-SEASON
VACANCIES

On a few of our AIR TOURS a limited number of places are still available. Every holiday provides comfortable air travel from London Airport and a full fortnight abroad with all hotel accommodation and board included.

ADRIATIC COAST. A fortnight at beautiful Lovran on the Adriatic seashore. Hotel a stone's throw from the sea. Wonderful excursions by coach and steamer include Rab and Venice. Cost for air to Graz and back, private coach connection to Lovran and a fortnight there at the Park Hotel—48 guineas. Departures on 13 July and 10 August. Also on 7 September with reduction of 2 gns.

ITALIAN COACH TOUR. By air to Pisa, then a leisurely coach tour including Rome (5 nights stay), Florence (3 nights) and Venice (5 nights). Tours commence 12 July and 26 July. Inclusive cost, 59 guineas.

SOUTHERN SPAIN. By air to Madrid, then a coach tour to Cordoba, Seville, Malaga, Granada. A wonderful fortnight in Southern Spain for only 52 guineas. Departures on 11 July, 25 July, and 19 September. Also several similar tours in August flying direct from Manchester.

THE AUSTRIAN TYROL. We offer a choice of two centres - Götzens, a typical Tyrolean village near Innsbruck, or Mayrhofen in the lovely Zillertal. Air travel and a full fortnight in the Tyrol. Inclusive cost from 36½ gns. to 42 gns. according to date and centre. Departures each weekend from 12 July.

MAJORCA AND THE COSTA BRAVA. Air to Majorca, to spend the first week by the sea at beautiful Soller. Then fly to Barcelona and spend the second week at Lloret on the Costa Brava before taking the plane back to London. Two holidays in one, for 47 guineas. Vacancies for 11 July and possibly for later dates. Also a fortnight commencing 26 September for 45 guineas only.

WRITE NOW

or telephone for our brochure which gives fuller details of these excellent AIR TOURS.

WINGS, LIMITED
43B Park Road, Baker Street, NW1.
AMBassador 1001.

HOLIDAY TRAVEL—continued

SUMMER HOLIDAYS

You are still in time to book for one of our July or August parties to Austrian lakes or mountains, the Italian Riviera (by air charter or rail), the Costa Brava or Balearic Islands or for an English Houseparty by the sea (Sussex, Cornwall, Wales, Norfolk).

ERNA LOW,
47 (NS) Old Brompton Rd, London, SW7.
KEN. 0911 & 9225.

STILL A FEW PLACES
ON OUR
15-DAY AIR HOLIDAY TO USSR
112 gns. Departures 26 July and 16 August.

Details from CONTOURS LIMITED, 72 Newman Street, London, W1. Tel. MUSeum 8499 & 6463.

1,300 miles south to the sun
only £59 return!
MADEIRA
Searching for something out of the ordinary this year? Here then is a golden opportunity to visit Madeira, the most beautiful sub-tropical island in the world, where you can enjoy a luxury holiday at considerably reduced fares. Every hotel offers reasonable rates and retains a high standard of comfort, food and service. It is never too late to holiday in Madeira.
See your Travel Agent now or contact:
AQUILA AIRWAYS
62 Brompton Rd, London, SW3
Telephone: KENsington 4567

GRANADA'S International Holiday School offers during August & September Spanish language courses by University experts, painting, literature, guitar, flamenco & dancing, Fiestas, excursions to Cordoba & Sevilla, the unexplored Alpujarras on mule-back, unique Spanish baroque tours. Stay as long as you like; spend as little as you please! Detls (Intl Reply Coupon): Instituto de Lenguas Modernas, Apartado 244, Granada.

INDIA Overland. Few seats vacant on Indiaman coach leaving London 31 July, arriving Bombay September, connections for Rangoon, Bangkok, Singapore, Australia, New Zealand. 45 days' adventure, sightseeing Balkans, Turkey, Iran, Pakistan. Fare £93 10s. plus hotel/camping under £1 per day. Garrow-Fisher Tours, 56 Wood St, Kingston, Surrey. KIN. 2456.

COPENHAGEN: 15 days (incl. couchettes and boat trip to Hälsingborg, Sweden) for only 29 gns! 11 days, 26½ gns. Vacancies 12 July and later. Details from Protravel, 12 Gt Castle St, Oxford Circus, London, W1. (behind Peter Robinson) Langham 3101.

SWEDEN. Fabian Summer School, 2-17 August. Leader: James Callaghan. 47 gns. incl. fare. Details: 11 Dartmouth St, SW1.

PROCRASTINATE no longer . . . send today for our free brochure of Air Holidays in Portugal (from 55 gns.), Spain (from 45 gns.) and for those who want to go further, India (1 month by air from £200). Many other arrangements. Bon Viveur Holidays, Ltd, Knightsbridge Station Arcade West, London, SW3. KNI. 9788.

ITALY by Air. It is now possible to visit Florence and Rome by Air for 16 days at economy rates for 48 gns. or Rome and Naples visiting Capri, Sorrento, etc., from 53 gns.—both 16 August. For details of these and other flights or low-cost travel by train, e.g., Florence-Pisa-Siena-Rome 15 days 37 gns. or individual travel please send sae to Education Travel, c/o CT Bureau, 36 Hampstead Road, NW1.

BELLAGIO, Como—Hol. party, 17-30 Aug. Trickey, 1 Buckingham Vale, Bristol 8.

CARINTHIA or the Adriatic. Privately organised parties, with optional courses in German or Italian, have vacancies, 5-20 August, or 20 August-5 Sept. J. Galleymore, MA, College of Technology, Portsmouth.

ITALY. Rimini, Hotel Impero. Esc. cuisine. Mod. CUN. 9379, EUS. 6846 after 5.

GO Continental: Florence, 6 July, 15 days, 3 vacancies, in private villa all inclusive £38, hotel £34, student reductions. Also cheap travel. Spain from £27. Harley, 8 The Mall Studios, Tasker Rd, NW3. GUL. 4705.

LEISURELY rambling tour of Rhine/Moselle country. Village inn accommodation. Small parties with guide. 15 days 27 gns. Holiday Services, 25 Wormwood Street, EC2.

BED & Bard. 7 days 4 star hotel Stratford & seats for all 5 plays. 21-28 Sept. & 11-18 Oct. All-in 22 gns. Write now Illyrian Tours, Blue Gates, Chertsey Bridge, Surrey.

'A $ a combined guide book, route book and glossary of expenses, hints and tips this is worth having'—Motor Sport on 'Europe on Wheels', the economical motorist's guide to the Continent. 5s. from newsagents and bookshops or 5s. 6d. by post from H. Marshall & Son Ltd, Temple Ho., Tallis St, London EC4.

OPERA AND BALLET

THE ROYAL OPERA HOUSE
COVENT GARDEN
(Tel. Covent Garden 1066)

COVENT GARDEN OPERA

30 June at 7.30 — La Traviata
1 & 4 July at 6.0 — The Mastersingers of Nuremberg (revival)
2 & 5 July at 7.0 — Aida (in Italian)

THE ROYAL BALLET
(formerly Sadler's Wells Theatre Ballet)

3 July at 7.30 — Les Sylphides, The Burrow, A Blue Rose, Pineapple Poll

End of Ballet Season

THEATRES

SADLER'S WELLS THEATRE
Tel. TERminus 1672
2-12 July
Evenings 7.0, Mats Sat. 2.30
Piccolo Teatro di Milano in
The Servant of Two Masters
Play in 3 acts by Carlo Goldoni

ARTS. TEM. 3334. Mn./Tues. Evs 8, Sat. Sn., 5, 8. 'Templeton.' Mems.

IRVING, WHI. 8657. Non-Stop Glamour Revue. 2nd Yr Fr. 2.30, Sn. 4.00. 7th Ed. Call or send 27s. 6d. for membership, tkt.

ROYAL Court. SLO. 1745. 8, S. 5, 8.15, W. 2.30. Joan Plowright in Ionesco's The Chairs & The Lesson, 2 wks only.

TOWER 8 p.m., 27, 28 Jne, 2, 3, 4, 5 Jly. Mats 3 p.m. 28 & 5 only. Shakespeare's "The Winter's Tale'. Theatre garden if fine: theatre if wet. CAN. 5111 (3475 bef. 6) Canonbury Place, N1.

UNITY. EUS. 5391. Heartbreak House, Bernard Shaw. Thurs.-Sun. 7.45. Mems.

CONCERTS

James Laurie presents

Under the Auspices of the

AMERICAN NATIONAL THEATRE & ACADEMY

THE FIRST BRITISH TOUR OF THE

JUILLIARD

SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

OF NEW YORK

Conductor JEAN MOREL

ROYAL FESTIVAL HALL: Thursday, 3 July at 8, 12s. 6d., 10s., 7s. 6d., 5s., from Box Office (WAT. 3191) and usual Agents

AND

TUNBRIDGE WELLS, 29 JUNE; BRIGHTON, 4 JULY; COVENTRY, 6 JULY; CARDIFF, 8 JULY; WOLVERHAMPTON, 9 JULY; LEICESTER, 10 JULY.

ENTERTAINMENTS

ACADEMY Cinema (GER. 2981). Morning Shows daily 11 a.m. (ex. Suns). Films on Art and Life in the Middle Ages (U).

EVERYMAN. HAM. 1525. Resurrection Series. Until 29 June: Lubitsch's 'Trouble in Paradise' (A) (1932). From 30 June: Gabin, Jouvet in Renoir's 'Les Bas-Fonds' (Underworld) (A) (1936).

ROXY, BAY. 2345. W/c 29 June. Garbo, Charles Boyer, 'Marie Walewska', A. R. Skelton, 'The Great Diamond Robbery', U.

PUSHKIN Club: Sound films at French Inst., Queensberry Place, S. Kensington, Sun., 29 June, 2.30 p.m. Tribute to Moscow Arts Theatre: 1, 'Masters of the Stage' (Stanislavsky, Moskvin, Kachaloy, Knipper & others, in various films); 2, 'Chekhov' – intr. O. L. Knipper. Open to non-mems.

PYGMALION reading of one & only, with Ellen Pollock & Michael Golden; Shaw Society, 7 Albemarle St, W1. 27 June, 7 p.m. 2s.

CHINESE Garden Party. To be opened by Lord Pethick-Lawrence on Sat., 28 June, at 33 Upper Park Rd, NW3. Chin Yu and David Williams (Mime), Robin Hall (Folk Songs); amusements; refrts. 7.30-12. Adm. 1s.

FOLKSONG Unlimited. Stan Kelly introduces Dominic Behan, Shirley Collins, Sandy Paton, Isabel Sutherland. Wednesday, 2 July at 8 p.m. Cranbourne, Upper St Martin's Lane (Leics. Sq. Tube). Adm. 3s. 6d.

ENTERTAINMENTS—continued

PROGRESSIVE League Dance: 28 June 8-11 p.m. at Art Workers Guild Hall, Queen Square, WC1. Admission 2s. 6d.

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Films by Ray & Charles Eames. 'Chairs', 'Black Top', 'IBM', 'Toy Fair', 'Day of the Dead', Friday, 4 July, 7 p.m.

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Dancing, Today, 28 June, 8-11 p.m. Members 3s., and their guests 5s.

EXHIBITIONS

GANYMED Reproductions, about 100 subjects mostly 50s. plus 7s. 2d. tax, on view daily at 11 Great Turnstile. Illustrated Catalogue, 1s. 6d.

CONTEMPORARY Art Society 'The Religious Theme' CAS Exhibition at Tate Gallery. 10 July-21 August.

'THE Religious Theme' – Evening party for CAS members and guests, Tate Gallery, 8 July, 9 to midnight. Refreshments by candlelight, sales bar. Tickets 12s. 6d., guests 15s. from Organising Secretary, CAS, Tate Gallery. Membership one guinea.

ROYAL College of Art, School of Fashion Design will present their Dress Show at Woollands of Knightsbridge on Thursday 3 July at 11.30 a.m. and 3 p.m. showing the designs of talented students who will set the pace of fashion for the future. Please write or tel. SLOane 4545 for seat reservations.

HANOVER Gallery, 32a St George Street, W1. Giacometti, Marini, Matisse, Moore. Daily 10-5.30, Sats 10-1. Until 13 Sept.

WHITECHAPEL Art Gallery: Alan Davie Retrospective 1936-1958. Weekdays 11-6; Sundays 2-6; closed Mondays. Admission free. Adjoins Aldgate East Station.

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Fautrier – Paintings 1928-1958. Private View for Members: 3 July, 5.30. 4 July-2 August. Library: Paintings by Edgar Hubert, 4 July-2 August.

BATH Academy of Art, Corsham, Wiltshire. Summer Exhibitions, 11, 12 & 13 July.

IVEAGH Bequest, Kenwood. Exhibition of Allan Ramsay, Painter-in-Ordinary to George III. Admission free. Weekdays 10-7, Sundays 2.30-7. 210 bus from Archway or Golders Green Stations.

WADDINGTON Galleries. Two Exhibitions. Three Painters, Ivon Hitchens, Jack B. Yeats, Roderick O'Conor, and 'Colour, Form & Line'. Opening 3 p.m., 3 July. 2 Cork St, W1.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, The Welcome Building, Euston Road, NW1. Exhibitions: William Harvey, Tercentenary Exhibition; Electricity in the Service of Medicine; and other exhibitions. Mon-Friday 10-5, Adm. free.

SLATTER Gallery, 30 Old Bond Street, 1958 Exhibition Dutch & Flemish Masters. 10-5.30, Sats 10-1.

ZWEMMERS, 26 Litchfield St, WC2. Transferences, paintings by Nolan, Tucker, Hill, Riopelle, Borduas, Newcombe, Beaulieu, Candappa, Raza, Souza, Bowen, Coplans, Sumner. Until 12 July.

ROLAND, Browse & Delbanco, 19 Cork St, W1. The Dying Art – 20th-Century Portraiture.

LEFEVRE Gallery, 30 Bruton St, W1. Contemporary French paintings on view. Daily 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

MARLBOROUGH, 17-18 Old Bond Street, W1. Important drawings, paintings and sculptures offered for sale in Exhibition of XIX & XX Century European Masters—Bonnard, Degas, Kokoschka, Matisse, Munch, Picasso, Pissarro, Renoir, Rouault, De Stael, Utrillo, Van Gogh, etc., and two new sculptures by Henry Moore. 10-5.30. Sat. 10-12.30.

BEN Uri Gallery, 14 Portman Street, W1. Sculpture and Drawings by Zehava Elath. Mon.-Fri. 10-5, Sun. 2-5. Until 3 July.

GALLERY One, 20 D'Arblay St, W1. Five painters from Rome.

ABSTRACT Impressionism. Arts Council Gallery, 4 St James's Square, SW1. Last day. Open 10-6. Admission 1s.

PAINTINGS from the Niarchos Collection. An Arts Council Exhibition. Tate Gallery. Till 29 June. Sat. 10-6, Sun. 2-6. 2s.

DRIAN Gallery, 7 Porchester Place, Marble Arch, W2. 4 plus 2. Sculptors, Painters. 30 June-19 July. Daily 10-6; Sats 10-1.

AIA Gallery, 15 Lisle St., Leicester Sq., WC2 John Nicoll, Hans Schwarz. Also Contemporary Paintings for hire.

ARCADE Gallery, 28 Old Bond St, W1. Master drawings of four centuries; some primitive sculptures.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

ULR CLUB/ROYAL CRT THEATRE
Special evening to see 'CHICKEN SOUP WITH BARLEY' by ARNOLD WESKER, followed by discussion with the author
FRIDAY, 18 JULY.
Tickets, reduced to 6s., can be obtained only by sending 6s. and s.a.e. to ULR THEATRE, 7 Carlisle St, W1.

ULR End of Series Party/Social, 'Princess Louise', High Holborn, Fri. 4 July, 7.30-11. Adm. 3s. 6d., mems 3s. Carlisle Street Ramblers Jazz Band.

LONDON Schools Left Club. John Berger: Social Realism in Art', Fri., 27 June, 5.30 p.m. Next Fri., 4 July, Norman Birnbaum on 'America: the Revolution that never happened'. Both at LBC, 7 Carlisle St, W1.

KINGSLEY Martin and Nigel Calder speak on Nuclear Disarmament next Monday, 30 June, Christ Church Hall, Woking, 8 p.m.

BRITISH-Polish Friendship Society. Day School, Sunday, 6 July, commencing at 10.30 a.m., ending at 6.15 p.m. Three Sessions: 'Current Affairs in Poland'. Speaker – Mr Bociong of the Polish Embassy; 'Polish Workers' Councils'; 'The Jewish Question in Poland'. These two sessions will be taken by Mr Alec Waterman, member of the Executive Committee and delegate to the Warsaw Ghetto Commemoration in April. Enrol by post or at door. Fees: 5s. for three sessions or 2s. 6d. per session. 23 Regent's Park Rd, NW1. GUL. 1422. Bus route – 74. Tube – Camden Town Station.

PUSHKIN Club, 24 Kensington Park Gdns, W11. (PARk 7696.) Fri., 27 June, 8 p.m., Margit Hegedus (violin), acc. Gerald Gover: Prokoviev, Tchaikowsky, Scriabin. Tues., 1 July, 8 p.m., Evening in Memory of Russian philosopher, L. P. Karsavine: speaker, Mme Tamara Karsavina (in Russian), Fri., 4 July, 8 p.m., Alec Nove: 'The Soviet Standard of Living'.

CENTRAL London Fabian Society. Michael Howard on 'Soldiers and Left Wing Politicians', on Wed. 2 July, 7.30 p.m., Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., WC1. Vis 2s.

BRITISH-Asian and Overseas Socialist Fellowship Brighton, Friday, 27 June. R. Sorensen, MP, on Yemen. Labour Club, 93 London Road. 7.30 p.m. Bristol, Sunday, 29 June. Mr J. Freetes, Counsellor, Indonesian Embassy, on Indonesia and the West. Grand Hotel, Broad Street. 2.30 p.m.

LECTURES on H. P. Blavatsky's Writings. 8 p.m. Sun. 29 June: Continuity of the Secret Wisdom. ULT, Robert Crosbie House, 62 Queen's Gardens, W2.

THE West London Ethical Society, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, Kensington High St, W8, Sun., 29 June, 6.30. Music & Readings, 7 p.m.: H. J. Blackham: Why Religion is without Humour.

BUDDHIST Society, 58 Eccleston Square, SW1. Public lecture, Wed., 2 July, 6.30 sharp: 'The Buddhist Doctrine of Compassion', Raghavan Iyer, M.A. Read 'The Middle Way' for Buddhist news and views, 2s. 10d. quarterly post free. Book now or never for Summer School, Hoddesdon, 22-29 Aug., £8 12s. 6d. incl. Information TAT. 1313.

THE Linguists' Club, Niddry Lodge, Holland St, W8, 5 July, 6 p.m. Film: 'The Girl in Black'. (Greek with Engl. sub-titles.)

'WHAT can we do about our problems?': last of series of Oscar Köllerström's lectures, Caxton Hall, Caxton St, SW1, Tuesday 1 July, 8.30 p.m. Silver collection.

PERSONALIST Group. J. B. Coates on 'Value in Social Theory', Wed. 2 July, 20 Buckingham St, WC2, 7.30 p.m.

SWAMI Ghanananda, Suns 5 p.m., 68 Duke's Ave, Muswell Hill, N10: Bhagavad-Gita. All welc. Vedanta magazine 2s. 6d.

SPIRITUALISM proves survival. Lectures and demonstrations daily, London H.Q., 33 Belgrave Square, SW1. BEL. 3351.

SPLACE Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., WC1. 11 a.m. Sun., 29 June. Miss Kathleen Nott. 'Argument.' Write for free 'Record'.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

ST JAMES School of Secretaries & Languages, 283 Oxford St, W1. HYDe Park 6524. Intensive 3-6-9 month Secretarial Training. Earn While You Learn scheme. Also English for Foreign Students and Conversation Courses in French, German, Italian & Spanish. Indiv. attent. Remarkable results.

LECTURE COURSES, ETC.—continued

ALBERT Schweitzer College, Churwalden (4,000 ft.) Switzerland. Year Course 1958/59, 1 Oct. – 30 June. A modern international study centre inspired by the life and thought of Albert Schweitzer. A balanced education in a democratic community. Courses, in both English and German, on philosophical and sociological problems, religion, ethics and psychology. Language instruction. Arts and sports. Good general education required. For adults from 18-35. Three 11-week terms. Cost £98 10s. per term inclusive for board, lodging and tuition. Summer study courses: 14-26 July and 3-15 August. Please ask for separate prospectus.

TUITION by post for Lond. Univ. Degrees & Diplomas; also for GCE, Law, Professional exams. Mod. fees, instalments. Prosp. from C. D. Parker, MA, LLD. Dept. VH91, Wolsey Hall, Oxford (Est. 1894).

HOME Preparation for Examinations. University Correspondence College, est. in 1887, prepares students by post for General Certificate of Education (all Levels) London, Oxford, Cambridge, Northern, and others, London University External Degrees (BA, BSc, BSc(Econ), LLB), Teachers' Diplomas, Law. Private Study Courses in Sociology, Languages, etc. Prospectus from Registrar, 70 Burlington House, Cambridge.

LANGUAGE Tuition Centre, School of Foreign Languages & School of English for Foreign Nationals, Students' Club 26-32 Oxford Street, LANgham 1005. All foreign languages in day & evng classes or private lessons beginners & all grades. Daily classes in English and prep. for Cambridge Univ Certificates. Short or long courses. Enrolment daily. Prospectus free.

ITALIAN, French, Germ. (Rome Univ., Sorb., Heidelb.), spec. Holiday Syll., also coach to Univ. Ent. Mrs. Chanda, HAM. 7322.

FRENCH Conversation. Courses for Beginners. Discussion groups. Private lessons. – The Mentor, 11 Charing Cross Road, London, WC2. TRAfalgar 2044.

SOCIAL Science Tutorial College. Postal Crses & coaching. 11 Old Bond St, W1.

TOUCH-Typing. Learn in 12-24 private lessons. Peggy Sutton, FLAxman 7967.

SECRETARIAL Training, especially for university graduates and older students, six-month and intensive 14-week courses. Write Organising Secretary, Davies's, 2 Addison Road, W14. PARK 8392.

TOUCH-typing &/or Pitman's Shorthand. Private tuition. BAYswater 1786.

THE Modern Method for High Grade Secretarial Work and Verbatim Reporting in Stenotyping (Machine 'shorthand'). Quick and easy to learn. Used increasingly by business concerns and official bodies at home and abroad. Suitable for foreign languages. Call for demonstration or write for prospectus, Palantype College, 229 High Holborn, WC1. HOLborn 5104.

SPANISH, Flamenco, Plectrum Guitar Tuition. (Personal & Postal.) Prospectus: Ivor Mairants (s), 195 Wardour St., W1. Tel. REG. 0644/5.

GUITAR tuit. Segovia style. Beginners' crse, all ages. Brochure, Spanish Centre, 36 Cranbourn St, WC2. COV. 0754.

MUSIC appreciation classes, instrumental and vocal tuition. Details: Central School of Dance Music, 195 Wardour St, W1. REG. 0644/5.

SUMMER SCHOOLS

CANFORD SUMMER SCHOOL
OF MUSIC
Director of Music: Noel Hale, FRAM
10-24 August
Weekly courses in music and dancing at Canford School, Wimborne, Dorset. Courses include – Chamber Music, Choral, Composition, English Folk Dancing, Guitar, International Folk Dancing, Madrigals, Orchestras, Recorder, Pianoforte, School Music, Scottish Country Dancing. Come and enjoy a musical holiday amidst beautiful countryside. Fees: 10 gns. per week. Write for prospectus to – The Organising Secretary (Box 27), 20 Denmark Street, London WC2

SPEND a week of your holidays at an interesting Summer School at Beatrice Webb House, near Dorking, Surrey, from 12 to 19 or from 19 to 26 July, or at Wortley Hall, near Sheffield, from 9 to 16 August. Subjects include Public Speaking, Chairmanship and Branch Secretaryship, Industrial Management, Workers Control, Automation and Science and Industry. The fee, £7 per week, covers accommodation, board and tuition. Apply for details to J. P. M. Millar, General Secretary, NCLC, Tillicoultry, Scotland.

FABIAN Summer School, 23-30 Aug., Steyning, 'The Challenge of Co-existence', Peter Calvocoressi, B. H. Liddell Hart, Brewster Morris, V. Nekrasov, John Parker, Victor Purcell, Michael Shanks. Details 11 Dartmouth St, SW1.

POTTERY. Five on a course for a week with John Shelly. Throughout summer. Brochure: Church Cottage Pottery, Winterbourne St Martin, Dorchester.

SUMMER SCHOOLS—cont. on p. 851

ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION RATES

50s. by surface mail to any address in the world. (25s. for six months.)
By air mail to Europe 90s.; *Middle East* 98s.; *N. & S. America, India & Pakistan* 118s.; *Australia, New Zealand, Japan* 140s.
By air express to W. Africa 90s.; *E. Africa* 95s.; *S. Africa, India* 98s.; *Singapore & Malaya* 105s.; *Australia* 130s.

NEW STATESMAN Great Turnstile London WC1

Incorporating *The Nation* and *The Athenaeum*. Registered at the GPO as a newspaper. Entered as second-class matter at the New York Post Office, NY, 1926. Printed in Great Britain for the Proprietors by Cornwall Press Ltd Paris Garden, Stamford Street, London, SE1. Published weekly at Great Turnstile, London, WC1. Postage on this issue: inland 2½d, foreign 2½d. Canada 1d.